



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

THAT good Presbyterian newspaper, the "Westminster," is exceedingly and, I am afraid, unduly concerned with regard to the continued existence of the Sabbath day in Canada. Last week, in an article enquiring "Is the Sabbath Worth Saving?" it says: "It (the Sabbath) is beset behind and before, undermined and honeycombed by secularizing forces working for its complete destruction. If no stand is made, deliberate, unabashed and unyielding, the day of rest will be transformed within this generation to a day of pleasure and toil. Let there be no mistake about this thing. We raise no alarmist cry. It is not a question of Sunday cars in Toronto or Hamilton. It is not a local affair at all. It is at bottom a question involving every industry and every community. Mills, factories and shops in every county in Ontario, as well as electric cars in every town, and concerts and games at every resort, may, within a decade, demand the services of workmen and attendants if the friends of a rest day for toilers and a worship day for the devout are not vigilant, determined and strong. . . . Toronto seems of late to be set upon destroying its world-wide reputation for Sabbath quiet. The traffic in soft drinks in the city, the lawlessness on the Island and the general demoralization of the parks and gardens are significant signs of the changed conditions."

I wonder where the editor of the "Westminster" has been spending his Sundays, for if he has witnessed these evidences of degeneracy he has been frequenting places which the ordinary citizen of Toronto either avoids or has not seen. If we hunt for "tough joints" we can find them in Toronto, or in any other good-sized town, both on Sundays and week-days, and it has always been so, and probably until the end of the chapter it will not be different. It may be true that the Sabbath is an institution that is badly "beset by secularizing forces," as the "Westminster" describes, but are not the churches in the same predicament? Are they not assailed "behind and before, undermined and honeycombed by secularizing forces," and are they not working as swiftly and certainly for their own destruction as for the destruction of the Sabbath day itself? Is it not because of the weakened influence and worth of the churches that the people are seeking in the parks and waterside resorts the fest and enjoyment which life is not unreasonably expected by the average human beings to have in store for them? We cannot expect any but the most devout or the most superstitious to continually go to church and ask for bread and be given a stone. The intellectual are disappointed because they so often find in the pulpit neither zeal, eloquence nor thoughtfulness—sometimes not even piety. The weary are becoming tired of putting on their best clothes and walking through the hot sun to hear students preach while the pastor is away to play. The poor shrink from the doors of the fashionable edifices and are almost surprised when they enter that they are not ejected from the soft cushions of the pews. They look at the raiment of those arrayed in purple and fine linen with eyes of envy, or turn, shamefaced, from the critical gaze of those who stare at their worn and faded garments. Those who want peace, naturally enough weary while listening to dogma, denunciation, and platitudes about divine love, which find no counterpart in the lives of those among whom they sit. We hear the Protestants berating the Catholics, and unfortunately sometimes we hear the Catholics endeavoring to prove that there is only one gate into heaven, and that Peter is there to keep out all but those whose souls have been shrived by priests on earth. They take away from these edifices, dedicated to God, no sound which lasts so long in their ears as the jingle of the coins in the collection-box, and there is no cry which they remember so well as the appeal to them to give, give, give. They hear more about the mortgage on the church, the debt, the interest account, foreign missions, home missions, and entertainments at so much per head, than they do about the love of Christ, and more pains are taken to show them how they can spare a little more of their stipend, than how they can save their souls.

It is not so much the secularizing influences of those who, for profit, desire to lead people to parks and pleasure resorts, as the secularizing influences within the church itself, which threaten to destroy the devotional character of the first day of the week. Going to church has become more or less of a business proposition, and the change from devoutness to habit, and the departure from habit in favor of a Sunday outing, has not more than kept pace with the degeneracy of preaching or the lofty ideal of carrying the Word of Life to the ears of all people and all nations, into a business—a business which is paid for as the services of a lawyer or a doctor are paid for. Lacking the example of the real godliness of church members and church leaders, the people have naturally, and it does not appear to me altogether unreasonably, decided that there is so much that is secular in the Church, and so much that is beautiful in nature, and restful and changeable in an outing, that they have decided that one is perhaps quite as elevating as the other, and that the outing is perhaps the more healthful and restful of the two. That there are occasional exhibitions of rowdiness in the parks and on the Island is to be expected, for where a large number of people gather together the conspicuously ill-behaved person will always be found. In churches this conspicuously ill-mannered person is also found. He may not swear or try to fight, but he treats people badly; he sneers at his brethren and treats with contempt or ignores with cheap hauteur the poor and the anxious. Rowdiness, consequently, though of different varieties, is to be found in both places, and probably the sort which utters no unclean word or strikes no physical blow is the worse of the two. No doubt some churches make everyone welcome, and probably some preachers are always seeking to make an impression on the hearts of their listeners, but the fact should never be overlooked that you cannot have the common people on the first day of the week if you ignore, starve or overwork them the other six.

The remedy that the "Westminster" proposes is to aid the Lord's Day Alliance by "co-operation and financial support." O blind leaders! Have you been taught nothing by the lessons of the past? Why would you try again by the enactment of laws which the people will defy, to fill your pews to overflowing, by forcing those who seek a change of scene and circumstance to worship with you because they have nowhere else to go? The world years ago rolled away from that idea of godliness. Are you in such desperate straits that laws must be enacted practically compelling people either to stay at home, go for a perhaps wearisome walk, or else attend church? The majority of people are physically weary on Sunday. All week artisans have been shut up in workshops, clerks in warehouses, and women have been within doors drudging for their families. In the bright summer, on the only day they have you would make them march to a hot and stuffy church from which even the regular preacher has fled for a summering, or else they must lose all the pleasure of contact with a more or less desirable crowd of their fellow-beings. Going for a walk is just as bad as going to the Island or to a park, and it is much more tiring and less interesting. I believe that people are much better off if they go to church at least once on a Sunday, for it keeps fresh the

memory of the teachings of youth and all that is good in their nature, unless the man in the pulpit preaches the good all out of them in trying to get doctrine into them. But if they see fit to stay away, it is their business, it is their souls that are to be saved or lost, and the Lord's Day Alliance cannot by any legal means drive them into heaven through the portals of a church. The Lord's Day Alliance practically denies the doctrine of free will, and then must fall back upon Calvinism, which I presume is still held as a sacred dogma by the editor of the "Westminster." If so, what matters it? If they are elected to be saved, they will be saved anyhow, and if they are predestined to be damned, they will be damned anyhow.

The editor of the "Westminster" need not fear that the workers of the civilized world will yield up the franchise which gives them a day of rest. The whole tendency of organized labor, and for that matter, to a certain extent, of organized capital, is to reduce the number of hours of work per week. Ten hours a day is now considered too long for any man or woman to work, and almost universally in Anglo-Saxon workshops it has been cut down to nine. In Canada the clamor for an eight-hour day is growing greater every year. The Saturday half-holiday, particularly in the summer, is an established institution as well. These reforms have been brought about without impinging in the slightest upon Sunday as a day of complete rest. The economics of labor are proving that men can do as much work in nine hours as they formerly did in ten, and that it

was no good to give milk. The court rooms are fine, large, handsome, and well ventilated, but they are no good to hold court in, inasmuch as nobody appears to be able to hear what anybody else says. The jury, it is said, cannot hear the judge or the witnesses. In some instances the judge cannot hear either the witnesses or the lawyers. These faults should be at once remedied. It is proposed to put canopies of velvet over the judges and the witness-box. I do not know whether it is to over-top the jury as well. The outfit will look nice sitting up there as if they were in a pagoda or under a big umbrella. Probably the best way to remedy the defect is to stretch wires across the rooms. They have been known to produce excellent acoustic effects. It is rather funny, though, after all the turmoil we have had to get the courts out of the old building into the new one, to find that this last and most important thing has been utterly overlooked. If wires won't fix it, they might give the judge, the witness and the lawyer each a megaphone and an ear-trumpet, and then there would be a concert and picture indeed.

THOSE who have watched such things declare that after a considerable period of war and sensationalism in newspapers and literature generally, there is always a reaction in the direction of religious subjects. Without any concert amongst those who write and paint, we are already beginning to find ourselves surrounded with religious novels and pictures of a devotional sort. Six

story, as a story, however, is interesting, though I did not feel my sympathies going out to either David Corson or Peppeta.

The Master Christian can be best understood in a short reference by those who have read Miss Corelli's other works. As usual, she is mystical, though she announces a creed which is in itself beautiful and worthy, though it seems to me the work could have been more profitably done had she not made such a violent crusade against the Roman Catholics. However, she gives the ritualistic Anglicans and nearly all the other religious denominations many unceremonious rebukes, and sails ahead with the splendid egotism of one who thinks she knows it all. Taking the book as a whole, which is altogether too long, crowded full of sermons which weary the reader by their iteration, it can be best described as being full of blood, lust, love, lunacy, and religion. The mysterious boy who, one is led to believe, is divine, if not a second Christ, comes into the story, and disappears at the end in true Marie Corelli fashion. If the book were a little less than half as long as it is it would be much more readable and probably more instructive, though many deeply concerned in religious subjects will find it all readable if they have not already made studies on the lines which she has laid down.

THE frost and chill which seems to have fallen on so many of the churches, it may be expected will feel the warmth of a reaction towards sacred subjects. The churches are in a perhaps more apathetic condition than they have been within the memory of this generation, and revivals and intense preaching of the old-fashioned sort may be looked for. Already six bands of Indians have assembled on Christian Island for what Rev. Chancellor Burwash, of Victoria University, calls "a good, old-fashioned camp-meeting." Some eight hundred or a thousand of these dusky converts were at a great love feast followed by preaching, which is described by the Reverend Chancellor as having been "attended with many conversions and manifestations of those peculiar physical phenomena which were a feature of former great revivals, notably the Ulster revival of 1860. There must have been at least twenty cases of men being carried out in a complete state of exhaustion, brought on by their enthusiasm. But they all came out of this state seemingly perfectly happy. Such scenes are seldom seen now."

It seems to me that it is a good thing that the hysteria of the camp-meeting has been displaced by the calm preaching of the Gospel. The Rev. Chancellor, whom we all respect, however, seems to take great pride and satisfaction out of these alleged manifestations of grace. If, however, he went to a sun dance amongst the pagan Indians he would see still more marvellous exhibitions of what "Lo the poor Indian" is willing to undergo for the sake of a period of wild excitement and exaltation. Inherent in the Indian breast is a desire for singing, wild dancing and shouting, the seeing of visions, and the straining of the physical and nervous system until the participants drop insensible to the ground. I doubt very much if the so-called Christian Indian has a distinct understanding of what either the sun dance or the "old-fashioned revival" meeting means. I can remember having Comanches dancing around my lonely little camp where there were only half a dozen of us, for half a night, and I have no desire to see the excited Indian in my neighborhood, no matter what excites him. He may become a very good Christian, though officials having to do with Western Indians have frequently told me that they would rather deal with the pagan than with the Christian red man, and I am afraid that the scenes on Christian Island were rather remnants of pagan emotionalism than evidences of a change of heart; but of course it must be remembered that Christianity has been taught them, more or less, for some three generations. If, however, I am taking too cynical a view of this "old-fashioned camp-meeting," I would like to know why the same fervor and "manifestations of physical phenomena" indicating conversion are not now encouraged amongst white people, who long ago gave up making such peculiar exhibitions of themselves in revivals and open-air services. If it is a good thing for the Indian to be encouraged to work himself or herself up into a state of collapse, why is it not still a good thing for thoroughly civilized people to do it? Possibly the religious reaction of which I spoke at the beginning has been first felt by the red brother, whose instincts are stronger than his reason, and whose telepathic faculty seems to announce to him coming events before the shadows are cast over the rest of us.

A rather pathetic incident is related by the Rev. Chancellor: "The pagan village on Christian Island, I am told, is now entirely deserted, the old medicine man, the last one to stand out against the Christian belief, having taken up his abode on a deserted island, where he lives all alone." Poor old fellow! Probably the change of his tribesmen to Christianity is as sincere a grief to him as it is a joy to those who have converted them. The picture of the hermit finishing his life, cut off from those he has striven to teach, is a saddening one. No doubt he is satisfied with his prayers and incantations, and believes himself to be the only one of the bunch acceptable to the Great Manitou.

SEVERAL clergymen in the United States have forbidden hatless women to worship in their churches. The shirt-waisted man finds himself up against almost unanimous ridicule, but while we all feel like laughing at the fellow who affects an unmanly style of dress, it does seem passing strange that women should be compelled to waive a privilege which was originally granted out of chivalry or because it is proverbially hard for any woman to put off and on her millinery in a hurry. A very interesting essay could be written on the tyranny of custom with respect to clothes, and no better text could be furnished than the tabooing of the shirt-waist man and the hatless woman. The good people who hold that women ought not to be found in church uncovered, base their opinion on the supposed teaching of a passage in Scripture. But if it is wrong for a woman to go hatless in one case, it is difficult to see how it can be right in another, yet we know there has been a persistent and unanimous demand for the removal of women's hats in theaters and such places. I am not likely to join the shirt-waist brigade, and I do not know that I should care to see women depart from the daintiness of dress which gives them one of their chief charms. But the question suggests itself, Why should we require anyone to wear a particular number or style of garments, so long as he or she is decently covered? Society, of course, does and always will set up conventionalities in the matter of clothes, as in other things, and there can be no social sin more unpardonable than an offence against generally recognized proprieties. Society can be safely left to punish those who fail to meet its ideas of what is sane and becoming. If a man wants to court social disfavor by going about in a garb that makes him conspicuous and absurd, he should be allowed to do so, for the penalty will be his to pay, and if a woman considers that a hat is a nuisance, she ought to be allowed to indulge in a measure of dress reform that can do nobody any harm and may do her own, her husband's



MISS HOPE MORGAN,

The Canadian Soprano, Who Will Open the Season at Massey Hall.

(See page 10.)

may be possible that they can do as much work in eight hours as they are now doing in nine, though I doubt it. The fact remains, however, that labor is now organized as it never was when the churches held their supremest sway, and that workmen have obtained for themselves in the matter of rest what the Church never sought to obtain for them. Go into an assembly of artisans and talk about the Church having obtained for them additional rest or easier working hours, and the majority of the men will laugh at you. One reason that the working classes have so little sympathy with the churches is because the churches have had so little sympathy with them. What the workmen have obtained they have fought for as workmen, not as Christians. In fact, the capitalists who support the big churches have been slowest to yield to the demands of the toiler. It is because of this that the masses, who would be downtrodden were it not for their own exertions, have little or nothing to thank the churches for in the matter of a reduction of the hours of toil, and they know they can keep Sunday as a day of rest without the help of the Lord's Day Alliance. Thus thanking the Church for nothing, they are leaving the Church to mind its own business, which is, unfortunately, largely that of running a sort of a religious club of a more or less exclusive character, and they are taking their enjoyments when and where they see fit. My esteemed brother of the "Westminster," when he next makes an appeal on behalf of the Lord's Day Alliance, would be wise not to use any of the pharisaical expressions which no longer appeal to the real workers, but instead openly declare that he fears that his craft and that of his fellow ministers is in danger.

THE court rooms in the new City Hall remind me a good deal of Obadiah's cow. She was a beautiful cow; large, symmetrical, beautiful head and nice little horns; fine straight back; splendid quarters; and as glossy a coat as a cow ever wore. She had only one fault; she

years ago, when I was in the Dresden gallery, I was fascinated with Raphael's Sistine Madonna, and ever since I have been trying to get a good reproduction of it. Early this year we obtained one made by an eminent German copyist, and it is now almost ready to appear as a supplement with our forthcoming Christmas Number, when I have no doubt it will be given a great welcome as a faithful copy of the most valuable picture in the world, and one, too, which leading artists claim holds the first place in art as well as monetary value. I do not mention this as an advance advertisement for our Christmas Number, but to point to the trend of public opinion, which we must all examine if we desire to find what will suit the tastes of all. The decision with regard to this picture was arrived at by perhaps the same method of reasoning which writers are using. We have had a surfeit of war pictures, war stories, anecdotes about the campaign, and portraits of heroes. By Christmas there will be little or no desire to purchase further stories or illustrations of strife; and peace, particularly "that peace which passeth all understanding," is more likely to imbue public spirit a few months hence than any hankering for descriptions or pictures of martial strife. I notice that in Great Britain and the United States the religious picture is also greatly in favor.

Of the newest of the religious novels, The Reign of Law, by James Lane Allen, The Redemption of David Corson, by Charles Frederic Goss, and The Master Christian, by Marie Corelli, indicate the moving of the novelist's standpoint from the swashbuckler knight and his gory deeds in the Middle Ages, to a description of soul struggles. I cannot join in the enthusiasm with which so many have received The Redemption of David Corson; the situations seem to me overwrought and the characters to be so utterly unbalanced as to deprive the experiences of the novel's beset hero and heroine of any actual value. The book is well besprinkled with sermons which are good in themselves but not new or particularly applicable. The

or her father's pocket-book some good. We cannot forget that what is regarded as an eccentricity to-day may be a universal fashion to-morrow, and that the innovator, no matter whether the innovation be useful or the reverse, invariably encounters criticism. Nor must it be forgotten that dignity and demeanor mean more than clothes. Some people could appear in society in a suit of overalls without any loss of dignity to themselves or any offensiveness to others, while there are those whose obnoxious bearing no purple and fine linen could disguise. A gentleman can be as much a gentleman in a shirt-waist as in a dress suit, and the womanliness and reserve of a good woman need not be sacrificed because of the absence of a head-covering. If the movements which have been inaugurated in the midst of so much chaffing lead to a moderation of the expense of dress, they will have served some useful purpose. In the meantime the tailor and the milliner may quake, while the man who has to settle their bills rejoices over the new hope that is in him.

TALKING of the attitude of the clergy upon matters of dress, why should preachers be so conservative about their own style of clothing? The clerical voice and the clerical garb are both affected, doubtless, for a good purpose, but they are both obnoxious to nine men in every ten. Black is invariably associated with mourning and gloom. It is surely inappropriate that the bearers of glad tidings should cling to this forbidding color as their distinctive badge. Nor is it plain why there should be a clerical cut of clothes. We have no record, as far as I am aware, of the Founder of Christianity having marked himself off from the common herd by any peculiarity of raiment. There is, of course, the force of long custom behind the conventional clerical garb, and in a sense it may be that association has consecrated this style of tailoring with many persons, lay and clerical. But is it not true that harm is done to the cause of religion by the clerical voice and the clerical garb? One would imagine that it would be the constant aim of preachers to get into close sympathetic touch with the world, and to establish an identity between themselves and the fellow-beings they are working to save. But the typical parson, with his conventionalized dress and tone, repels those who least understand his mission and are presumably most in need of his ministrations.

AN important point was raised in the Police Court the other day by a man who was fined four dollars for drunkenness, and tendered a portion of the payment in United States money. The Police Court clerk refused to accept the United States bill, because it is the habit of the City Treasurer to refuse to accept such currency from him. A local paper, which is always trying to be disagreeable to Police Magistrate Denison, charged him with being prejudiced and unnecessarily annoying to a culprit who was about to be discharged. The whole evidence in the matter seems to have been that the offender got on his dignity and tried to force the money on the Police Court clerk, and though someone offered to give him a Canadian bill for the one which was refused, he left, threatening to make things hot for everybody. He was sent to jail, and the subsequent costs amounted to six dollars, which amount his wife finally raised, together with the fine, and he was set at liberty. It appears that Magistrate Denison had no knowledge of the affair at all, but nevertheless he emphatically declares that he thinks Canadians should refuse to accept United States money, inasmuch as in the country to the south of us, except in border towns, Canadian money is not accepted except at a large discount. Those who have made a fuss over this matter are certainly not acting in a patriotic manner. Colonel Denison points out that "for every million dollars' worth of United States paper money which is in circulation here, Canada loses between thirty and forty thousand dollars per annum in interest and the profit occasioned by the loss or destruction of bills, and instead of having a million dollars' worth of gold in reserve to cover the issue of the million dollars' worth of Canadian bills which it would take to replace the United States bills, we are helping the United States to get rid of their paper money and all the profits in interest and destruction of bills by fire and their loss in other ways goes to the United States Government."

This is not the worst feature of accepting Yankee money at par. It is impossible to calculate the amount of United States silver worth fifty-four to fifty-six cents on the dollar which is in circulation in Canada. Why should we accept an irredeemable dollar not worth its face as sterling silver? Why should not the profit of coining silver money be absolutely confined to our own mints? Worse still is the punctured or defaced Yankee coin. It will not pass current in the United States, yet continually we are having these coins passed upon us here. Tons of plugged or defaced coins, which would be refused even in a beer saloon at Buffalo or anywhere in the United States, are brought into this country and set afloat amongst the ignorant, who are finally obliged to sell what they hold at about fifty cents on the dollar, its value as metal. All of this silver money which is destroyed or lost, or is forced into somebody's hoardings because it cannot be passed, brings an enormous profit to the United States Treasury. In New York our Canadian silver coin will not pass current, neither will it in any part of the Union fifty miles away from the boundary. Except in large United States cities, Canadian bills will not pass at all until they have been inspected at a bank, and then probably a ten per cent. discount will be charged. We are certainly a very foolish people, an unpatriotic people, to permit this sort of thing to go on.

It may be urged that trade is facilitated in Canada, particularly during the summer months, by accepting Yankee money. I doubt it. Visitors from across the line can go to a broker and get Canadian money, just as Canadians go to brokers to get Yankee money when they are going to the United States. No Canadian Government office will accept Yankee money. On the street cars, I am told, there is a rule forbidding the acceptance of Yankee silver, and if this rule is in existence it is a good one. Thirty years ago, when this country was so flooded with Yankee silver, that our own coin was being actually pushed out of circulation, the merchants throughout the country formed a compact, and for a time carried it out so rigorously that United States silver was almost banished from the country. Under this arrangement twenty per cent. was taken off Yankee silver, that is, a twenty-five cent piece only passed for twenty, a fifty cent piece for forty, and a dollar for eighty cents. It is time that similar action be taken.

Mr. Hamilton's Lecture.

Mr. Frederick Hamilton's lecture on his experiences with the First Canadian Contingent filled Association Hall on Monday evening. The lecturer was introduced by the Hon. G. W. Ross, and spoke for over two hours. Mr. Hamilton presents a pleasing appearance on the platform, and tells a plain story without any attempt at oratory. He will doubtless attain to greater facility of expression as he gains experience in a field to which hitherto he has been an utter stranger. His views of the war, presented by stereopticon, constituted the chief portion of the entertainment, and by themselves, without any descriptive account at all, furnish a unique and wonderfully complete history of the doings of the Royal Canadian Regiment.

The Conservative Meeting.

The mass meeting on Wednesday evening at Massey Hall, to hear Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., Hon. Hugh John Macdonald, Hon. Mr. Foster and other speakers, must have been very gratifying to the managers of the Conservative campaign. It was undoubtedly a great rally, and while many attended out of mere curiosity, the majority of those present displayed enthusiasm for the cause for which the meeting was held. A large number were unable to gain admission. One of the features of the meeting was the spontaneous enthusiasm of the reception of Manitoba's



MR. BERT WINANS.

MISS EDITH TILLEY.

Premier. Mr. Macdonald did not make a marked hit as a speaker, but there is no doubt he has something of his father's magnetism, and rapidly wins a place in the hearts of men. Sir Charles Tupper spoke more briefly and less fluently than is his wont. His voice showed the effects of long continued strain. Mr. Foster was, as usual, fluent and clear. His was the most ambitious, and perhaps the most effective, speech of the evening.

Social and Personal.

THE marriage of Mr. Bert Winans and Miss Edith Tilley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Tilley, and granddaughter of the late Sir Leonard Tilley, took place on Wednesday, September 12, in the Stone church, St. John, N.B., the Rev. J. de Soyars officiating. Mr. Winans is an official of the Merchants' Bank of Halifax, at Montreal, the staff of which presented him with a splendid cabinet of silver, carvers, etc., with his initial engraved on each piece, on the occasion of his marriage. The bride was given away by her uncle, Mr. W. Purdy. She wore a white gauze gown over silk and a black velvet capelet, and was attended by Miss Hall, in pale blue, with picture hat. A reception and dejeuner was given by Mrs. Purdy, the bride's aunt, Lady Tilley, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Tilley, Miss Tilley, of Toronto, Mr. L. Tilley, and Mr. J. D. Chipman, were among the guests.

Invitations are out to the marriage of Mr. James Johnston Ashworth and Miss Helen Mabel Hills, daughter of Mrs. Hills, 27 Bedford road. The ceremony will take place on October 3rd, at three o'clock, in the Church of the Redeemer, with a reception at the home of the bride's mother afterwards.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hodgins no sooner get settled in one place than they are ordered to another. Windsor, Parkdale, Kingston, in turn have been their home in the last few years. Mrs. Hodgins is just now brightening her brother's home in Emsley place by a little visit.

Mrs. Charles Ritchie, of Avenue road, gave a small tea on Wednesday in honor of a New York visiting friend.

Mr. and Mrs. Bouchette Anderson are at 262 College street for the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Burke Simpson returned to Bowmanville on Sunday. Mr. Lyndhurst Ogden returned from England last week. Miss Helen Beardmore returned from Gloucester last week. Miss Lindsay, of St. Louis, was her guest at the Woodbine, and was stopping at Chudleigh.

The engagement of Mr. Frank W. Torsee, of St. Louis, and Miss Mae Reid, daughter of Mr. Charles Reid, is announced.

Hon. Edward Blake and Mrs. Blake reached Toronto last week.

Mrs. Georgina Sophia Scoble, wife of Lieut.-Colonel Thomas Clarkson Scoble, C.E., of Winnipeg, died last Sunday at the family residence, College avenue, St. John's. The deceased lady had only been ill for a fortnight, and her death was quite unexpected. Colonel and Mrs. Scoble are well known in Toronto, he having been engaged in superintending the construction of a portion of the Grand Trunk railway. Colonel Scoble is a brother of Mrs. Hodgins, of Bloor street, and also of Mrs. Hodgins of Pembroke street.

The disadvantage of fixing the date of the Hunt Club Race meet several weeks earlier than usual was to all who were able to attend it more than balanced by the exceeding beauty of the weather. The objection to the earlier date, looking at it socially, is that so many persons are still out of town, but a fairly smart crowd turned up each day, which became a bumper attendance on Saturday last, with a glorious afternoon and excellent races. Mrs. Hendrie was down on Friday, but not on Saturday, but Friday was to a good many the day of days, for then did the Master's good nag, Mystic Shiner, win the holding of the D'Alton McCarthy Memorial cup, to the great delight of the smart people from Beverly street and the satisfaction of Toronto generally. Mr. Fred Beardmore, who was up from Montreal for the week's racing, drove the Chudleigh party to the cup day races on the Beardmore coach, with Mrs. Andrew Allen beside him. Mrs. David Macpherson and Miss Lindsay, of St. Louis, with Miss Beardmore, were also of the coaching party. Miss Mowat presented the cup to the winner, and had with her Mrs. Ferguson and Mrs. George Burton, in Government House box. Mr. Sidney Band was in attendance. Among the visitors on the closing days were Judge Finkle, of Woodstock, from which town came also a tall, graceful girl, Miss Karn, beautifully gowned each day. Miss Elsie Montzambert, of Kingston; Mrs. Burke Simpson, who was at the Queen's and came with Mrs. Riddell, both ladies exquisitely gowned; Miss Cook, of Virginia; Mr. Benedict, of Perth; Miss Thomson, of Aberdeen, in a lovely grey gown, and her niece, Miss Jean Milne, of London, Eng., in black and white, a very smart frock, with guimpe of white lace, and picture hat; Mr. and Mrs. Wadsworth, the sportiest of figures in business-looking race coats; Mrs. Leonard Barnes, of Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Renton, Dr. and Mrs. Yates, of Montreal; Miss Mallock and Miss McDonald, of Hamilton; Miss Hope Morgan; a merry but quiet little group of theatrical people from the Princess, and another from the Grand—these were the outside visitors, but of resident Toronto beaux and belles there was no lack, and the fun was at its height when several daring shots by nerry women landed good money on long odds. Without doubt the usual stunning gowns were not much in evidence, but a general smartness was observable.

On Wednesday, at one o'clock, in St. Enoch's church (Presbyterian), Miss Fannie Winnifred Taylor, second daughter of Mr. Joseph Taylor, and Mr. Harry N. Briggs were married, Rev. Alexander McMillan, the pastor, officiating. The bride's gown was of white satin, en train, and with perpendicular tucks confining the fullness, which flared smartly in a flounce near the hem, which was softened by three tiny chiffon frills. The bodice was also tucked, and a dainty little bolero in satin and chiffon, with

guimpe and sleeves of shirred chiffon, completed it. A veil of Brussels net and a shower bouquet of white roses with the traditional crown of orange blossoms were worn by the bride. Miss Harriet Worden was maid of honor, and Miss Elizabeth Hope Morgan bridesmaid, both wearing white silk frocks with accordion-pleated ruffles and bolero jackets of chiffon and applique. Short veils with aigrettes gave a very smart touch to the maids, and an artistic dash of color was secured by huge bouquets of Meteor roses. A little flower-girl, Miss Phyllis Fisher, in a dainty white organdie frock and hat, also formed one of the bride's procession, which was led by the ushers, Messrs. Arthur Lyons, Austin Briggs and Thomas Mitchell. The best man was Mr. J. B. Hallworth, and the bride's usher Mr. George Stewart. After the ceremony a reception and dejeuner were held at the home of the bride's parents in Yorkville avenue. The honeymoon will be spent in the Eastern States. The bride went away in a blue cloth gown with black taffeta bands, and a grey felt toque. The gifts were handsome; the groom gave the bride a pearl pendant, the maids pearl crescents, the flower-girl a pearl horseshoe. The bride's father gave her a cheque, and her girl friends presented a cabinet of silver.

The engagement of Mr. Walter Moss, youngest son of Chief Justice Moss, and Miss Robinson, of Winnipeg, is announced.

Mrs. Sterling Ryerson returned from Sturgeon Lake to-day. Mr. and Mrs. Hermann von Eberts, of Winnipeg, passed through Toronto en route from Chatham to their home, on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Denison, of Rusholme, mother of Colonel G. T. Denison, has been quite ill. Mrs. Denison is of very advanced age, and her family were anxious until her restoration was assured.

The last dance for the season at the R.C.Y.C. Island club-house will be held on Monday evening, which will also be the last evening when the members may entertain their lady friends at dinner in the upper dining-room. These dinners have been quite a feature of the summer season of 1900, the new steward having amply carried out the promise of good catering and service, in spite of the difficulties incidental to an Island menage and the number of guests who crowded the dining-room on warm evenings. At a meeting of the officials of the Yacht Club on Wednesday, it was decided to close the season at the Island house next Monday, and continue the hops through October at the town club-house.

Major George Stimson, now stationed in Halifax, came up for the tail of the Races last week, and was much welcomed by everyone. Major Stimson may lay the flattering unction to his soul that of all the sporty people whom we have so missed this year at the Races, there is not one who has been missed more than himself. Therefore his sudden appearance at the eleventh hour pleased his friends very much. Major Stimson looks well, and evidently enjoys military life.

Mr. Christopher Robinson has been entertaining his brother, Major-General Charles W. Robinson, C.B., who is a soldier of much gallantry and experience. Indian, Ashanti and Zulu foes have been dealt with by Major-General Robinson, who began his military life in Toronto Field Battery of Artillery forty-five years ago. The brothers, each eminent in his own chosen life work, have much enjoyed meeting again in the old home in John and Richmond streets.

Commander Law's many friends have been grieved to hear that he was quite ill. Colonel Law, his distinguished brother, has returned home across the sea, and Commander Law and his family are again at their town house in Sherbourne street.

Major and Mrs. Pellatt have returned from Cliffside, and will, like most of their friends, receive after the first of October. Their beautiful home in Sherbourne street is likely to be quite gay this winter, now that the stress of war abroad is over.

Mrs. W. Mulock, jr., has been quite ill with an attack of nervous prostration. She has been with her husband's family in Jarvis street for change and care for a short visit. Mr. and Mrs. McDowall Thomson have given up their house in Bloor street, which was not large enough for their increasing little family. Mrs. McDowall Thomson looked very nice in a black and white wrap and toque at the Woodbine last week.

The marriage of Captain Arthur Norman Burns and Miss Louisa Crooks took place last Saturday at three o'clock at the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs. George Dawson, in Madison avenue. Rev. A. J. Broughall, of St. Stephen's, officiated, and no guests were invited. Professor and Mrs. Goldwin Smith and Dr. and Mrs. Sprague were present at the ceremony. Captain and Mrs. Burns will reside at 25 Prince Arthur avenue.

Invitations are out to the marriage of Mr. Gordon Osler, of Craigleigh, and Miss Margaret Ramsay, of Montreal, which takes place on October 17th at half-past four o'clock, in St. Paul's church, Montreal.

Strive as we may, we never can
Tell who are happy, who forlorn;
The 'cutest little shoe of tan
May hide a very painful corn.

From the printing presses and binderies of the world more than one hundred books are issued every day, and during the century the number has reached many hundreds of thousands. And yet, though they seem to cover every conceivable subject, and all the details of the problems of the time, and all the facts of history, there is not one volume that tells satisfactorily about elections—about the really greatest events of the world.

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on exhibition at different
times seven old ladies with
the wrinkles removed from
one side of the face, leaving
the other side to show just
how badly they were
wrinkled. Also five girls with the freckles
removed from one side of the face. Have you
seen any of these women? If not, call and see
the girl now on exhibition with the one side of
her face treated. This is positive proof that
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and all facial blemishes can be cured. Host of
testimonials can be seen at parlors. All con-
sultations free.

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Social and Personal.

Dr. Allan Shore of the General Hos-
pital, Montreal, left on Thursday for
Europe, via New York, whence he sails
on the Lucania to-day. He will re-
main some months, studying in Eng-
lish and European hospitals.

Major Greville-Harston left for Eu-
rope for a short visit and sails by the
Lucania to-day. He will be absent
about six weeks.

Major and Mrs. Edward Leigh have
removed from Dovercourt road and
settled at 29 Harbord street. Mrs.
Leigh very much enjoyed this sum-
mer's trip to the west coast with the
delegates to the Women's Council, and
has many pretty tales of kind hospi-
tality and attention received from the
big people at Government House or the
stalwart men of the N.W.M.P. as op-
portunity offered.

Mrs. C. F. Moore of 91 Bellevue ave-
nue will hold her post-nuptial recep-
tions next Wednesday afternoon and
evening and Thursday afternoon, Sep-
tember 26 and 27, at her residence.

Mrs. Alex. Cartwright (nee Hart) held
her post-nuptial receptions on Tues-
day and Wednesday, at her resi-
dence, 41 Harbord street, and her
drawing-rooms were the rendezvous for
many smart people, out for their first
"calling" afternoon this autumn. In
the drawing-room Mrs. Cartwright,
looking very handsome in a green
gown with guimpe of white chiffon
and silk and delicate applique em-
brodery, was assisted by Miss Hees,
in black ribbon trimmed chiffon, with
a couple of odorous American beauty
roses on her corsage. Mrs. Hart, in
silver-gray with black trimmings, was
in both salons, saying a gracious word
to her daughter's callers. At the rose-
crowned tea table Mrs. J. D. A. Tripp,
Miss Strath and a couple of other la-
dies poured tea and looked after the
visitors. Mrs. Cartwright has won
many warm friends, many of whom
are still away for their vacation, but
a goodly number welcomed her back
this week. Mrs. Cartwright will be at
Home next Tuesday, and for the win-
ter on the first Tuesday in each month.

Miss Laura Harrison and her fiancé,
Mr. George Hart, are visiting Mrs.
Cartwright, in Harbord street. Miss
Harrison, whose gallant brother died
at Wynberg last June and who has
since lost her father also, is in very
deep mourning, and has, of course, been
unable to be present at the reception
of her sister-in-law-elect.

Last Wednesday morning, at Oak-
shade, Belleville, the residence of the
bride's father, Mr. J. A. Vandervoort,
Miss Helena Florence Vandervoort and
Mr. George J. Bryson of Ottawa were
married by Rev. L. J. Thompson. Miss
Vandervoort's wedding robe was one of
Stitt's most exquisite creations of very
rich ivory satin, with guimpe and
drapery of rare and delicate Brussels
point. She wore veil and orange bloss-
oms, and her jewels were a diamond
pendant and a very beautiful bracelet,
gifts of the groom. Miss Lingham, a
Belleville beauty well known in To-
ronto, was maid of honor, in a dainty
frock of point d'esprit, with white satin
ribbons, and Miss Webster was brides-
maid, in a vieux rose frock, with ap-
plique of white silk and point lace.
The residence was beautifully decorated
with palms and flowers, and the
bride and groom held a reception
standing under a huge marriage bell
of smilax and carnations. After the
wedding breakfast Mr. and Mrs. Bry-
son went to New York and Washing-
ton for their honeymoon, the bride go-
ing away in a very smart Russian blue
cloth suit, the blouse a la Russe, quite
the "dernier cri," lined with white sat-
in brocade, the toque to match with
sable tails. Some lovely gowns have
gone from Toronto to this happy
bride, a reception robe in particular
being a symphony in pale gray, sure
to be admired at the Capital.

On next Wednesday Miss Antoinette
Plumb and Dr. Porter of London,
England, are to be married. Dr. Por-
ter arrived this week and everyone is
much more reconciled to losing the
little bride-elect from Toronto, since
they have faced the reason for her de-
sertion of Canada for the Mother
Country.

Mrs. Stratford has returned from
England. She has not taken up house,
but is with her niece, Miss Trixie Hos-
kins, at her home in Murray street. On
Monday evening Mrs. Stratford received
many a warm welcome back after
Mr. Hamilton's lecture, to which she
was an interested listener.

A house wedding which was very
pretty and, though quiet, most com-
plete in detail, took place in Belleville
on Tuesday morning, when Mr. Wilfrid
Shore of Toronto and Miss Annette
Maude Lockett, daughter of Mr. F. G.
Lockett, were married by Rev. T. E.
Egerton Shore, brother of the bride-
groom, the ceremony being performed
at the residence of the bride's family.
Miss Lockett's wedding dress was of
white Brussels net over white silk,
with train and veil, and her bouquet
was a shower of white roses and lily
of the valley. Her attendant maids
were Miss Florence Jones and her sis-
ter, Miss Edna Lockett, very prettily
dressed in white point d'esprit over
pink roses. Dr. Allan Shore, brother
of the groom, was best man. Some of
the bride's young friends and the fam-
ily party were the only guests, who,
after the usual good wishes, sent the
newly-married couple away, amid a
rain of roses and merry bon voyages.
Mr. and Mrs. Shore went through the
Eastern States for their wedding trip,
and will reside in Toronto, a house in
Sherbourne street having, I hear, been
selected as their future home.

The marriage of Miss Margaret Mary
Thomas, only daughter of Mrs. J. J.
Thomas, of 367 Woolwich street,
Guelph, to Mr. Robert Langworthy,
son of Mr. Robert Langworthy,
of Montreal, took place in St. James'
Church, Guelph, on Saturday,
September 15. The rich and artistic
decorations for the harvest-home,

which had been held during that week,
made the interior of the church look
particularly attractive, and were,
moreover, very appropriate for an au-
tumn wedding. The organist and choir
were present and assisted in the mu-
sical portion of the service. The bride,
who was led in by her father, was
dressed in her traveling suit of navy
blue, and wore a navy blue hat. Her
bouquet was of white roses. Miss
Campbell of Hamilton, her bridesmaid,
wore a gown of claret-colored cloth,
and carried pink roses. The groom-
smen were Mr. Charles Thomas of the
Dominion Bank, Orillia, brother of the
bride. The service was read by the
rector, the Rev. A. J. Belt, M.A. After
the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Von
Iffland left on their wedding journey,
and will reside in Montreal.

Mrs. Ziba Gallagher (nee Bucham)
will hold her post-nuptial reception on
Wednesday and Thursday, September
26 and 27, at 19 Maynard avenue, Park-
dale. Mrs. Gallagher will afterwards
be at Home on the second and third
Thursdays of each month.

Mrs. Martin N. Merry (nee Love)
will hold her first reception since her
marriage on Tuesday and Wednesday,
the 25th and 26th of September, at 84
Gerrard street east, and afterwards on
Mondays.

Mrs. Percival Parker (nee Kerr) will
hold her post-nuptial receptions on
Thursday and Friday, the 27th and
28th, at her home, 316 St. George street,
and afterwards will be at Home on
Fridays.

Mrs. W. F. Dill (nee Taylor) will
hold her post-nuptial receptions on
Thursday and Friday, September 27
and 28, at her new home, 19 Marlbor-
ough avenue.

Mr. T. Alex. Davies, who has been
spending a very enjoyable two weeks'
vacation in Chicago with the Rev. W.
J. McCaughan, returns to his post at
Western Congregational Church to-
morrow. During Mr. Davies' absence
Mr. Ernst Moreland presided satisfac-
torily at the organ.

Miss Florence Stephenson, daughter
of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Stephenson,
Chatham, Ont., is amongst the new
pupils at Glen Mawr, Miss Veals'
school.

A quiet wedding was celebrated at
399 Brock street, Kingston, on Tues-
day, when Miss Ethel Mann, second
daughter of William Mann, civil en-
gineer, was married to Rev. W. T.
Prettle of Vernon, Omaha. Rev. Alex-
ander Kirk performed the ceremony.
Miss Mabel Mann, sister of the bride,
was bridesmaid, and Rev. W. J. Mc-
Ellroy, B.A., best man. The bride was
dressed in white India linen, trimmed
with real lace. After the ceremony
the wedding breakfast was served, af-
ter which the happy couple left for
Omaha. They will reside at Vernon,
near the capital, where the groom is
stationed. He is a graduate of Queen's
College.

Lieutenant-Colonel Gravely is enter-
taining his brother, Mr. Walter E.
Gravely, of Vancouver, B.C., who left
Toronto nearly a score of years ago.

Mrs. Arthur E. Hessin (nee Bonnell)
will hold her post-nuptial reception on
Monday and Tuesday, October 1 and 2,
at her home, 217 Bleecker street, and
will afterwards be at Home the first
and second Mondays.

Mrs. William Bailey Short (nee
Phillip) will hold her post-nuptial re-
ceptions on Tuesday afternoon and
evening and Wednesday afternoo-
n, the 25th and 26th inst., at her home, 292
Huron street.

A quiet wedding took place in Galt
on Tuesday afternoon, at the residence
of the bride's uncle, in Concession
street, when Miss Ruth Allenby, niece
of Mr. F. C. Allenby, was married to
Mr. William Philip of the Imperial
Bank, Rural Dean Ridley officiating.
Mr. and Mrs. Philip went east for their
honeymoon, and on their return will
reside in Hunter street, Galt.

Mrs. Crombie, of Ottawa, is visiting
Mrs. Willie Gwynne, Mr. and Mrs.
Haas and their family have returned
to Madison avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hagarty and
their family have removed from Sim-
coe street and have settled in Walmer
Road.

Mrs. Nell H. Wilson (nee Kynoch)
will be at Home on first and third
Thursdays at 283 Macpherson avenue.

Mrs. John E. Wilkinson held her
post-nuptial reception on Thursday
and Friday afternoons and evenings,
September 20th and 21st, at 402 Sher-
bourne street. Mrs. Wilkinson will
receive after that on the third and
fourth Thursdays in the month.

Mrs. Charles L. Turbayne (nee
Strong) will hold her post-nuptial re-
ception on Tuesday, October 2, at her
home, 49 Huntley street.

Colonel Delamere and his young
daughter, Miss Eva Delamere, recently
returned from England, were among
the many interested listeners to Fred-
erick Hamilton's lecture. Close beside
the Colonel's quiet rifle uniform
blazed the scarlet jacket and gold bat-
tons of handsome Surgeon-Major M.A.
Treves. The scarlet of the Grenadiers,
under whose auspices the lecture was
given, lit up many a spot in the crowd-
ed hall. Colonel Mason, Colonel
Bruce and his bonnie wife, Chaplain
Baldwin, his Lordship, the Bishop of
Huron, the Government House party
and Mr. Band, A.D.C., Mr. and Mrs.
Herbert Mowat, Mrs. G. W. Ross, Mr.
Thomas Hodgins, Mrs. Cattanauch,
Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Lee, the Misses
Boulton, Miss Allen, Colonel and
Mrs. Sweny, Miss Fanny Small,
Messrs. J. and S. Small, Mr. Osborne,
Mr. Henry Osborne, Dr. Ryerson and
a jolly party of sons, Mr. Cawthra
Mulock, Major and Mrs. Harry Brock,
Mrs. Stratford, Mrs. John Wright,
Miss and Mr. Ed. Barker, Mr. and
Mrs. Baldwin, Mrs. Otter, Colonel

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and Mrs. Palmer, Colonel Gravely, Mr.
Grayson Smith, Mr. Dickson Pat-
terson and Mrs. George Hodgins, Dr.
and Mrs. Campbell Meyers, Mr. Cecil
Lee, Major Stimson, Dr. Wishart,
Captain and Mrs. Gooderham and
many other equally well known per-
sons were present. The Premier in-
troduced the lecturer in a few
parting words. The pictures of
Captain Mason, Captain Barker Father
O'Leary, the good priest who did so
much for all, irrespective of creed,
were greeted with applause.

Invitations are out to the marriage
of Miss Gertrude Christina Dupont
and Mr. Philip Lefroy Coffin. The mar-
riage will take place on October 2 at
Newark, N. J., from the residence of
the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John
Abern Dupont, and the bride and
groom will be at Home at 63 Irving
place, Passiac, N.J.

Shakespeare's Commercial Value.

Stratford-on-Avon lives in the main
on Shakespeare. In twelve months
the total number of visitors to the
birthplace was 26,510. An admission
fee of sixpence a head is charged,
which yields the respectable sum of
£262 15s. The Birthplace yields an
additional £413 9s. 6d.; while the fees
at Holy Trinity, where Shakespeare is
buried, amount to £275. Within sight
of the church, and also on the banks
of the Avon, stands the Shakespeare
Memorial. Now, it is somewhat curi-
ous to notice that of the 26,000 odd
persons visiting the birthplace only
13,085, or less than half, took the
trouble to visit the memorial. Thir-
teen thousand and eighty-five at six-
pence brings in another £237 2s. 6d.
The house, New Place, contributes
only the insignificant sum of £11 17s.
Ann Hathaway's cottage at Shottery
was recently purchased by the Birth-
place Trustees for £3,000, and their
report gives the number of visitors as
13,489, which at sixpence each yields
£262 4s. 6d. Stratford, therefore, de-
rives an annual income from admis-
sion fees alone of considerably more
than £2,000.

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Toronto. Tel. 1882.

The Commercial Traveler's Story

Prize Winner in "Tit-Bits" Competition.

YES, we commercial travelers have our fair share of odd experiences, but we grow case-hardened in time. But there was one occasion when I unconsciously played a queer part in a big affair, and whenever I travel on this line the circumstances come vividly before my mind's eye, and I experience a strange feeling of nervousness which, try as I will, I cannot overcome.

It happened one night in December, a good many years ago, when I was young on the road. I was travelling by the evening train from Euston to catch the midnight boat at Liverpool for Belfast.

I arrived at the terminus on the stroke of the hour, and barely had time to get my ticket and fling myself and bag into a second smoker before the train moved off.

There were only two other passengers in the compartment, occupying the ends of the same seat; so, with a sigh of relief, I settled myself down in a corner and prepared to enjoy a cigar and the latest evening paper.

Before starting to read I took a look at my fellow-passengers, for I have always been fond of a chat, and can generally spot a likely talker at once. However, there was little prospect of anything of the kind, for both were middle-aged men of reserved appearance, who would hardly deign to notice a youngster like myself. The one opposite to me, a clean-shaven man with a professional air, was buried in his paper; while the other was lying back in the far corner with his cap over his eyes, smoking a big cigar, and apparently half asleep.

We had got as far as Rugby without a word being spoken, when I suddenly felt my foot joggled in a peculiar way, and, looking up, I met the keen glance of my professional-looking neighbor.

"Excuse me, sir," said he with an odd smile, "would you mind exchanging papers? I see you have exhausted yours."

"Certainly," said I, slightly surprised, and we swapped accordingly, while he gave my toe another warning kick.

Imagine my astonishment when I saw pencilled on the margin of his paper these words:

"Keep calm. I'm a Scotland Yard man. Our fellow-traveller is Burnside—you know who. Warrant for his arrest waits me at Liverpool; but may have to secure him before we reach there. Rely on your assistance if necessary. Speak to me in refreshment-room, Stafford."

Of course I knew who Burnside was—everybody did then. You may remember he was Lord A's secretary, who absconded with her ladyship's diamonds, and made a big stir at the time, though the affair was hushed up afterwards.

I was pretty cold in those days, and I read the words over again before I permitted myself to take a peep at the redoubtable Burnside himself. He was still smoking lazily, and was evidently unconscious of the proximity of danger. For a week he had eluded capture, and the last item of news was that the police were still working on a clue some days old. The very paper I held contained a paragraph to that effect carefully marked in pencil by my detective friend.

You may guess I was terribly excited by the time we reached Stafford, where a five minutes' stop was made; and no sooner had the train pulled up than I pocketed the paper containing the strange message, and hurried off to the refreshment-room. A minute later the detective joined me, lounging up in a careless style.

"Don't look round," he said; "he's over there at the coffee counter. If he suspects anything he'll bolt. He's expecting someone at Crews. I fancy, for he sent a wire from the telegraph office at Euston to a party there, and I overheard the clerk asking him about some figures in the telegram—2-2-2, they were."

"Why, that's the number of our compartment," said I.

"Exactly. It's sure to be a message telling someone to meet him, and, if so, the pair of them may give me trouble at Liverpool."

"What do you mean to do, then?"

"Collar him as soon as we start from here, strap him up, shove him under the seat, and when his precious accomplice arrives at Crews I'll pitch a yarn to him about his friend being in the train, and at Liverpool the police can formally arrest his prisoner, while I follow the other chap to see what the game is. You see, I don't know which of them has the booty, and that's the main thing we're after."

"But supposing some other passengers have already entered our compartment?"

"They can't. I've made it all right with the guard. Time's nearly up. Better get back. I must buy a couple of straps. You'll help, if necessary?"

"Of course," said I, for the affair was greatly to my liking.

We were just about to start when Burnside, who had settled down again in his corner, suddenly rose and thrust his head out of the window beside us.

"Guard!" he shouted. "What time do we reach Crews?"

"Eight-fifty-five, sir!"

"Good!" Burnside took his seat again, and the detective and I exchanged glances. My heart began to beat fast, and I braved myself up for the coming struggle; for Burnside was a powerful-looking man, and the detective, though wiry and close-knit, was much slither in build. We would evidently have a tough job of it, I thought.

Just as the train flew through the third station beyond Stafford the detective, who had been fidgeting behind his paper, suddenly began to wipe his lips with his handkerchief, and then rose as if to get something off the rack. With one bound he was on Burnside and had pinned him in the corner with his knee.

"Quick, get his wrists!" he said. I jumped over and laid hold of Burnside's hands, just as he was struggling to reach his pocket. Then I saw that his face was covered by the detective's handkerchief, from which came a strong, sickly odor. He struggled frantically for a moment or two, and then seemed to collapse.

"It's all right now," said the detective, "but he very nearly had me plucked. Faugh! Open the windows, quick, or we'll be succumbing to the chloroform ourselves."

I lowered the windows, and none too soon, for already the drug was beginning to make my head swim. The detective, meanwhile, was securing Burnside's hands and feet with a couple of stout rug straps.

"That's all right," he said, when he had finished. "You nabbed his hand just at the right moment. I'll mention your name in the proper quarter if you'll give it to me, and who knows but you might come in for a recognition from his lordship."

I gave him my name, but on condition that it would not be published in the papers.

"I'll see to that," he said; "and now help me to place our worthy friend under the seat."

We lifted Burnside with some difficulty and rolled him under the overhanging cushions, placing his head against the detective's black bag.

"Good!" said my alert companion; "but his arm shows a trifle, so I'll place the foot-warmer in front. There you are! Half-a-dozen people might look into the carriage and never dream he was there."

"When he comes to, though, he'll commence to shout."

"I'll gag him just before we reach Crews. He'll be all right, never fear."

Now that the crisis had passed I began to grow cheerfully interested in the affair, and looked forward with eagerness to the second act in the little drama which was being played before my eyes.

Sure enough, when the train slowed up at Crews, there was a tall, heavily bearded man standing on the platform inspecting the numbers on the carriage.

"That's the fellow!" said my friend. "You wait here while I get the guard to put a reserved label on this compartment. We don't want the beggar in here if we can help it."

He got out and closed the door, leaving me alone with the thief, who had been duly gagged, and was now breathing heavily, with every sign of returning consciousness. I felt somewhat uncomfortable, I must confess, when the bearded man passed the carriage and glanced sharply in; and, fearing he might return and subject the carriage to a closer inspection, I rearranged the foot-warmer and transferred my bag to the other side, so that the view under the seat was completely blocked.

Presently a porter came and labelled the compartment "reserved," and, feeling easier in my mind, I jumped out, closed the door, and stood by it until my friend returned.

"Everything right?" said he. "Good! I've wired further instructions to Liverpool. I'll relieve you now if you want a drink."

I rushed off for some coffee, for I was feeling cold. But no sooner had I put the cup to my lips than the bell rang, and I had to swallow the stuff at one gulp, half-scalding my mouth, and then make a bolt for my carriage.

I was just in time, for the train had begun to move. The guard held open the door and banged it to after me; and then, to my horror, instead of my friend whom I expected to find waiting for me, there was the black-bearded man in the far corner of the carriage, covering me with a revolver.

"The game's up, my friend," he said. "I was too astonished to reply, and sank down helplessly on the cushions, forgetting my blistered mouth in sudden terror. For I knew I was completely at the ruffian's mercy."

"You're a deep one, but not deep enough," he went on. "Just fetch me my friend there, and undo him. Mind, no tricks!"

I obeyed in a kind of stupor, and presently Burnside was sitting up on the opposite seat rubbing his brow in a dazed manner.

"Are you all right, Barker?" said the bearded man, still keeping his revolver pointed at me.

"Oh, you've come, Burt," said Burnside, recovering his senses. "Have they got clean away?"

"We've nabbed one of them, but not the one we want."

"Good!" said Burnside, turning to look at me. "How did the other manage to bolt?"

"Well, I was waiting for you at Crews, according to your instructions."

Fit the Grocer.

Wife Made the Suggestion.

A grocer has excellent opportunity to know the effects of special foods on his customers. Mr. R. A. Lytle of 557 St. Clair street, Cleveland, Ohio, has a long list of customers that have been helped in health by leaving off coffee and using Postum Food Coffee.

He says, regarding his own experience: "Two years ago I had been drinking coffee, and that day that I was almost wrecked in my nerves."

"Particularly in the morning I was so irritable and upset that I could hardly wait until the coffee was served, and then I had no appetite for breakfast, and did not feel like attending to my store duties."

"One day my wife suggested that inasmuch as I was selling so much Postum Food Coffee there must be some merit in it, and suggested that we try it. I took home a package and she prepared it according to directions. The result was a very happy one. My nervousness gradually disappeared, and to-day my nerves are all right. I would advise everyone affected in any way with nervousness or stomach troubles to leave off coffee and use Postum Food Coffee."

and I spotted our man immediately, though I was rather surprised at your absence. However, I thought you'd turn up presently, so I followed him when he left the carriage.

"The beggar went to the booking-office and took a ticket for Glasgow. Then I kept my eyes skinned, for I knew that something had gone wrong. He hurried back to the carriage, and our friend here then left him. I didn't bother about him, though, thinking he was an ordinary passenger; and as our man commenced to pace up and down I waited over at the bookstall to see what would happen. As you hadn't turned up I knew he had managed to play some trick on you, and I determined not to let him out of my sight."

"Then the bell rang, and in he jumped, closing the door behind him. I waited half a second for the guard's 'right away!' and then I made a rush and followed my man. But the beggar had gone!"

"Through the other door?"

"Yes. I was too late to follow him, and then, just as I spotted you under the seat, and tumbled to the whole plant, in comes our friend here and delivers himself up like a lamb."

By this time I had begun to see that there was a mistake somewhere, and that I was in a very awkward predicament. I turned hot all over and a funny feeling crept down my spine.

"Gentlemen," said I, "I'm afraid there's been a terrible mistake."

"Yes," growled the man named Burt, "and you'll jolly soon find it out, too. Look here, what's your name?"

"I told him, adding that I was travelling to Belfast on business."

"Drop it, and own up," said he. "Come, you may as well tell us where you've put the swag."

"Swag! What swag? I can assure you, gentlemen, I know nothing of this business."

"You know how to chloroform a chap," said the other.

"It was the detective, not I," I replied in dismay.

"The detective! Who on earth are you talking about?"

"Who?—my friend, who's gone. The detective!"

"Look here, young man, you're either very deep or a big fool. Do you know that we are detectives and that your precious friend whom you have assisted to escape was Burnside?"

"Burnside!" I repeated, horror-struck. "Visions of prison cells and crowded courts and my name in the papers began to float before my eyes. I had been fooled utterly and completely."

"Yes, and you'll precious soon have to answer for it, too."

It was in vain that I explained; they wouldn't listen to me. Then I suddenly remembered the newspaper blaze in my pocket.

"There," said I, "if you don't believe me, look at that!"

They took the paper and examined it with evident surprise. Then Burt looked up.

"Look here, we'll want to see into this affair. If this yarn of yours is true, and you're a genuine traveller, show us your credentials. Open your bag this instant!"

I picked up what I thought was my bag, and then started back in dismay.

"Why, this isn't mine, it's the detective's—I mean Burnside's."

The detectives jumped to their feet and laid hold of the bag. It was locked, but in a trice they had forced it open and from its depths drew a flat morocco leather case. Pressing the spring, Burt released the lid, and a blaze of dazzling light met our eyes.

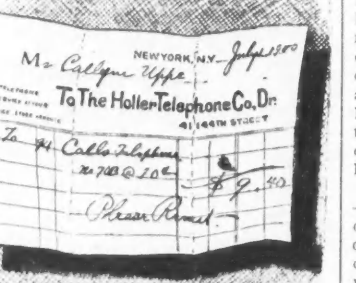
"Well, I'm blessed!" said Burt. "He's gone off with the wrong bag. These are Lady A's diamonds!"

It was true enough. I remembered having moved my bag under the opposite seat, and Burnside in his haste must have mistaken it for his own, to which it bore a strong resemblance.

The detectives fell back on the seat and began to sigh.

Of course, I had a bit of a job to prove my bona fides. I was detained at Liverpool that night and released on bail next day. Luckily the affair was kept out of the papers, and I escaped with the only indignity of receiving a severe official censure for my imprudence.

Burnside got clean away, as you doubtless remember, and I heard no more of the affair until six months afterwards, when I received a cheque for £50 from his lordship, who, it was rumored, was not sorry that Burnside had escaped, once the diamonds were recovered. But I don't think I should enter on a similar undertaking again, even with the prospect of a reward ten times as big.



A Current Salutation—Hello Bill!

In Print.

"Maude," said the one girl, "is so stuck up since they put her picture in the paper that there is no getting along with her." "Goodness!" said the other girl, "what has she been cured of?" "Cured of nothing. You remember the picture she had taken at the time of the masquerade last winter? Well, she has a friend on the paper, and they have gone and published it as the Empress of China!"—Indianapolis Press.

Harrowing.

"I try to discourage Willie from fishing. It's such a cruel sport."

"Indeed it is. My boy Archie came home the other morning with a hook fast in his finger. I thought the dear little fellow would cry his eyes out!"

Ellen Terry and the Rifle Team.

A WELL-KNOWN rifle shot who coached the Australian team competing for the Koolapore Cup, being himself an Australian, considered that he ought to show his men a certain amount of hospitality. So he wrote a letter to Sir Henry Irving, asking him if he could arrange for him to bring the whole team round one night to the Lyceum Theater. Sir Henry generously sent his own box, and the bold riflemen all appeared in it the following evening—in uniform. The spokesman of the party was a naval volunteer officer, who looked so very gorgeous in his brilliant new uniform, that he caused quite a sensation in the house. Even while the play was going on all eyes were more or less directed to the box. The Australians were intensely interested in the play, and, before the first act was over, every man of them was in love with Miss Terry, and all said that they longed to be presented to her so as to be able to tell their friends in Australia that they had shaken hands with the greatest actress in all the Empire.

Their host told them that he would try to arrange it with Miss Terry. So he went round to the back of the stage and saw her, but when he proposed that the riflemen should all come round in a body to see her, she, naturally enough, said, "Oh, dear, no!"

"Impossible," said Sir Henry, "I would have a fit to see soldiers in uniform at the back of the scenes. But," she added, "I will tell you what I'll do. You bring your volunteers to the door of this ante-room—and she pointed out a little door leading from the stalls—and I will come and shake hands and say a few words to them there."

The marksman rushed back to the box enthusiastic and overjoyed with the success of his mission. But, when he explained his plan to the party, half of them were distressed and afraid to go. Their courage had oozed out during his absence, and, fine, big fellows as they were, they were as nervous and as shy as schoolboys at the thought of the interview.

However, three of them, including the naval man, put on a bold front, and said, "Yes, we will go!"—the naval man being particularly daring. At the close of the second act the host led down the three riflemen who had the courage to face the ordeal, and placed them at the door of the ante-room, while he went to fetch Miss Terry. But, to his dismay, just as he was leading the great actress to the door, he spotted the backs of the three riflemen in full and precipitate retreat. All Miss Terry could say was, "What has happened to these bold warriors? Why have they fled?" The host said he would let her know, and hastened back to the box, where he found a terrible hubbub going on.

Then the spokesman, the naval man, said, "It was like this; the moment you left us we began to think it out, and we asked one another what on earth we could say to Miss Terry when she came. There didn't seem to be anything we could say, and the position got more and more difficult. We couldn't say, 'Will you have a drink?' and there seemed nothing else to say, so—we fled!"—From "M. A. P."

HUGH MORTON.

"NINETEEN A MINUTE"

So great has become the demand for

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wrought the machinery, the better pleased it is to dwell there. It comes to a man and says, "I will rob you of sleep and make you think. I will force you to fight many a battle with me and win, and yet I shall not be defeated. I will be your life-long enemy and your best friend. There shall be no peace between us until you have done all the things I have set you to do."

With a good, healthy, persistent pain in his stomach, a man may conquer the world.—Tom Masson in "Life."

The Coming of Love.

When dawn's in the east, and the stars leave the sky,
The voice of the morning, a low, tender sigh,
Whispers love to the flowers, and, lo! they awake,
And open in beauty for everyone's sake.

He came, while she slumbered in life's morning bright;
His voice was full tender, his eyes like the light,
Her young life awoke at his whisper of love,
And blossomed in beauty, a flower from above.

HUGH MORTON.

Collingwood.

Yankee Electioneering Methods

MR. DOOLEY has been passing some uncomplimentary remarks on the unctuous smiles that invariably wreath the face of a presidential candidate in a photograph. Then he adds:

"No, 'tis no alsy job bein' a candidate, an' 't'd be no alsy job if th' game iv photographs was th' only way th' candidates had to play. Willum Jennings Bryan is photographed smiling in 'back at his smilin' corn-fields, in a pair iv blue overalls, with a scythe in his hand, bordered frim th' company that's playin' 'The Ol' Homestead at Lincoln Gran' Opry House. Th' next day Mack is seen, mindin' a rustic chair with a monkey-wrench. Bryan has a pitcher took in th' act iv puttin' on a shirt marked with th' union label, an' they're another photograph iv Mack carryin' a scuttle iv coal up th' cellar stairs. An' did ye iver notice how much th' candidates looks alike, an' how much both iv them looks like Lydia Pinkham? Thim wonderful boardin' house smiles that our gifted leaders wears, did ye iver see anythin' so enchantin'?"

When th' las' photograph-her has packed his ar-rms homeward, I can see th' gr-reat men retrin' to th' rooms an' lettin' their faces down fr' a few minits before puttin' thim up again in curl pa-apers fr' th' next day display. Glory be, what a relief 'twill be fr' an iv thim to raysume permanently th' savage or famly breakfast face th' morning after iltion!

What a relief 'twill be to know fr' sure that th' man at th' dure-bell is th' gas-collector, an' isn't loaded with a speech iv thanks in behalf iv th' Spanish government! What a relief to snarl at wife an' frinds wanst more, to smoke a seegar with th' thrust magnate that owns th' cidar factory near th' station, to take ye'er nap in th' afternoon undisturbed be th' chirp iv th' snap-shot! 'Tis th' day after iltion I'd like fr' to be a candidate, Hinnissy, no matter how it wint."

THESE closing chapters of Marie Bashkirtseff's memoirs have appeared. The first chapters are new, and came with a startling and agreeable freshness. The second instalment falls rather flat, though in no way inferior to the first, thinks London "Truth."

"I could never endure that running amok of the ego which is the characteristic of M. B.'s memoirs. Her peculiarities as a writer can be thus explained. She came of a race of inebriates, for Russians drink deep and strong. Her nervous system was out of gear. She was never young from infancy to the day of her death. This is a peculiarity of the inebriate's child. Nor had she any receptivity. The sense of self was so overbearing as to block out all views on the outer world. Her dresses, notions, dances, fine acquaintances, prospects of cutting a dash, of winning fame, absorbed her whole mind. Charlotte Bronte was also the daughter of an inebriate (albeit a parson); but her nerves were held down by hard circumstances, and she had the Celt's clear perception of the outer world. Still she was unhealthily subjective and had fancies. She would have been the better for a spiritual director, as she herself said in 'Villette.' Still more than Charlotte Bronte, who had, in spite of her many imperfections, true greatness, Marie Bashkirtseff needed such spiritual leading. She reminds me of a bluebottle fly that has burned a wing in a candle and keeps buzzing about on the table, unable to fly or to keep still. She had jarring nerves that kept time (if one can speak of musical time in such a case) with the jar of life in Paris. It was this that gave foreigners the impression of her Parisianism, which was surface merely and in the nature of stage illusion. I should not mind her being morbid were there any gratness behind the morbidity. But one might as well seek for the elevated musical feeling of a Mozart at a Teaganes' concert. One has, in reading her memoirs, a feeling of vexation at her clever perversity. And

when one thinks that dear, great, magnificent, Mr. Gladstone took up her memoirs!"—

A Boston Experiment.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale's church in Boston has excited some of its contemporaries and drawn the attention of the thoughtful generally by calling to be its associate pastor Professor Edward Cummings, of Harvard, who is not a minister at all, but a student and teacher of social problems and a promoter of social reforms. The

bricks of creed lie very light on Unitarian clergymen, but still there is novelty in having an acknowledged layman for pastor of a church. Apparently Professor Cummings is very well qualified for the work he has been called to, and if he accepts the call, the precedent is not unlikely to be followed. The development of what is called the institutional side of churches nowadays has gone so far, and is so important, that men who are qualified to manage that department of church work must be as much in request as are preachers of acceptable theology. And after all, if the true pastor is known by his works rather than by his rhetoric or his professions, it is possible that that method of demonstrating pastoral fitness may prove not to be altogether unscriptural.

Sacrilege.—Yes!

Lumbermen are cutting down the big trees of California. The Mariposa Grove is protected, but a report lately made to the United States Department of Agriculture says that most of the other groves are in process of danger of being logged. The finest of all, the Calaveras Grove, which has the biggest trees, came into possession of a lumberman last April. Some of these trees are from 4,000 to 5,000 years old; older than the Pyramids and most of the temples in Egypt. Congress can save these groves by making national parks of them, and an effort will be made to have it done next winter. But it will have to be done quickly if it is to succeed. It comes near being sacrilege to put these venerable monsters through lumber mills. Every month nowadays some of them come down.

"Miss Giddigish is no wife for me," said the clubman to whom a bride had been recommended. "I don't like those mannish girls. Give me the clinging vine style."

"Oh, then, Giddigish is all right for you. I know, for I have been trying to teach her to swim all summer," said the clubman's friend.

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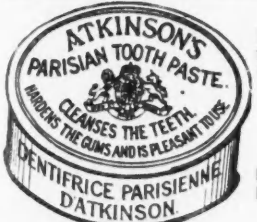
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Curious Bits of News.

Five thousand honey bees, as they leave the hive, weigh about one pound, but when the insects return from their visits to the flowers, freighted with honey, they weigh nearly twice as much.

A paper of India recently contained the following item: "On Sunday last Mr. Bakrishna Narayana Urphaban-dopant Bhajekar, B.A., LL.B., rescued Srimati Kasibai Lele from the perpetual widowhood to which Hindu society has consigned her, at Poona. We wish the couple a long and happy life."

Austria is the one country in the world which never puts a woman in prison. Instead of giving a female criminal so many months in jail, she is sent, no matter how terrible is her record, to one of the convents devoted to the purpose, and kept there during the time for which she is sentenced. The convent is not a mere prison in disguise, for its court-yard stands open all day long, the only bar to egress being a nun who acts as portress, just as in other convents.

A remarkable engineering feat is soon to be attempted in Boston—the moving of a six-story brick and stone hotel building from one site to another without taking it apart. The ground upon which the building now stands is of a swampy character, and 780 piles will have to be driven around the foundations of the structure to support the one thousand jacks upon which it will be raised from its foundations prior to its removal. It will be transported to its new location, 42 feet distant, on steel rollers.

At a recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences in Paris, Mr. G. Bonnier presented a note concerning some very interesting experiments in grafting plants, the results of which contradicted the generally accepted opinion that only plants belonging to the same botanical family can be successfully grafted upon one another. Mr. Bonnier showed that recently plants of entirely different families had been grafted with success, for example, the maple upon the lilac, the kidney-bean upon the castor-oil bean, and the cabbage upon the tomato.

The report of United States Commissioner of Labor Carroll D. Wright for 1899 on "Hand and Machine Labor" sets forth some very interesting facts. Aided by machinery, 4,500,000 men turn out a product which would require the labor of nearly 40,000,000 men if produced by hand. In America the advantage derived from machinery is about twice as great as in Europe, so that the actual population of the United States is equal in productive power to 150,000,000 Europeans. With labor-saving machinery, one generation of men can do the work of four or five generations of hand-workers.

Told at the Lyre Club.

BY PEGGY WEBSTER

THE rules of Lyre Club were not unlike the famous Caucus "Race in Alice in Wonderland"; we started membership when we liked, and we dropped it when we felt inclined. Moreover, we did as we pleased, and we all admired each other. The name of the club was considered, by our enemies, to be very felicitous.

When I laid forth on the Liars, as we called ourselves, I like to talk of the Silent Member, who always thought the truth, and of Nicholas Felix Hankey.

Hankey was an "American," with a long, snail face; mild, twinkling blue eyes and the smoothest of straw-colored hair.

Hankey was a man of many experiences, according to his own account. He had "run" a variety show in Detroit with astounding success; he had caused a sensation in New York as a comedian; he had practically managed the biggest theater in Chicago for years, and he had played a Shakespearean season in a Californian mining camp.

"I've never been 'left' yet, and I guess I never shall be!" said Nicholas Felix Hankey to a small crowd of the Liars, on a certain night that I well remember.

Hankey talked quickly, with a mixture of "American" slang and fairly good English. Once he told us he was a Yale man, but on another occasion that the first twenty-five years of his life had been spent on a ranch in Kansas.

"So you don't know the meaning of failure, Hankey?" said our secretary. "No," answered Hankey; "I generally wriggle through a tight place, and, though I've been in the soup, I always come out swimmingly. Talking of failure—say! Have any of you boys ever stranded? No? Yes? Have I? I should smile!"

Hankey was in the habit of asking questions and answering them himself, and he usually addressed the Silent Member.

"I stranded in Sacramento once—capital of California—great place—peaches as big as my head—fact! It was like this," continued Hankey, printing his name in fancy letters on the blotting paper with a stylographic pen while he talked. "I had toured from 'Frisco with an entertainment company, 'The Hankey Wonderland,' but business was bad—nice, clean little show, too. Well, there was Teddy Hopper, his wife, old Johnson, and myself with not a cent to call our own—bust up! What could we do?"

"Old Uncle Tom's Cabin, you know, always goes with niggers and a bloodhound. Teddy had a scheme for getting up a lecture on electric belts—hundreds of dollar prizes at every show—but it wanted capital.

"Then I thought of a fake to beat the band. You boys ever thought of a real good fake? No? Well, it was just this—the fake of the Jumping Lady!"

Hankey carefully screwed the top on his stylographic pen, tipped his chair back and smiled blandly on the listening Liars.

"Now, I guess you've all seen champion jumpers—men who just leap like deer, all muscle and spring? Yes? But a jumping lady! Say, if any of you boys have ever heard or dreamed of a champion jumping lady I'll pay him

500 dollars right now, plank it down on this table."

The Silent Member took out his cigar, seemed inclined to speak, but changed his mind and went on smoking.

"Well, Teddy Hopper was a bright little coon, and his wife had the courage of Teddy's convictions. Say, I can see you now, sitting, like Congress, in the two-by-nine parlor of the Washington Hotel."

"Wah, what's this scheme o' yours, Nick?" says old Johnson, with his slow, kind o' lost soul drawl.

"Teddy was all alive with interest, and Mrs. Teddy was eating peanuts and taffy at the same time. She was a cute little woman, with curly hair and an even row of the whitest teeth I've ever seen—and I know, for I once did a big business as an ivory puller myself, but that's nothing to do with the case."

"What do you folks say to rushing the novelty of a Jumping Lady on the American public?" I asked. Johnson whistled, and Teddy's face was a mark of interrogation.

"I say—great!" exclaimed Mrs. Teddy.

"Then I harangued, and they were spellbound. Say! They were dazed; they just wilted! Old Johnson was 'fled; he couldn't see anything in it. But Teddy and Mrs. Hopper were crazy with excitement; they danced, they sang, they—just stood on their heads!" said Nicholas Felix Hankey, gravely.

"But how did you teach her to jump?" asked a youthful Liar, staring at the cool American.

"Don't you understand this thing was a fake?" said Hankey. "Yes, you do? Very well. Now, I'll tell you how to build up a champion jumper."

"Over the shoulders and down the back to the waist was a kind of stiff iron and leather brace, same as you wear to be swung about the stage—Puck—that sort o' thing. Then there was a strong, wide girdle, a conglomerate of straps, elastic and wire, all attached to a couple of springs!—say! enormous springs!—on the hips of the jumper. Well, these springs were connected with two more under the heel and the ball of the foot!—Hankey gave this description at a rattling speed—

"and by a sudden pressure to the hips the whole darned machinery came into action and she jumped!"

Hankey took breath, and smoothed his fair hair with both hands before he went on.

"Yes, that's so, she jumped! Now Mrs. Teddy was a light weight, about a hundred and five pounds, but she wanted practice before she got the thing down fine."

"Say, I shan't forget the first time she fixed herself up. They loaned us the house, and she stayed in it. Teddy and I kept guard at the door, and old Johnson stood by the window."

"Now Maime, let 'er whirl!" says Ted, and his wife pressed her hands and her heels down on those springs and took a jump at the same minute."

"Say, she cleared a chair easy, but managed to light on old Johnson and just sent him flying."

"Well, sir, she perfected that thing, Teddy and I, in less than a month. Mrs. Teddy was one of the little, wiry type who take the bit between their teeth and work till they drop."

"Then we bought out old Johnson, and I started on the road as advance man for the marvellous Jumping Lady."

"Where did you get the money, Hankey?" interrupted the secretary.

"Money," exclaimed Hankey. "Why, I sold my watch first thing—presentation watch from the citizens of Council Bluffs. I was Mayor of the Bluffs at one time—don't stop my flow of silver oratory!"

"I managed to book a date at the Sacramento Museum, and Mrs. Teddy went immense. Then we got a week at the Variety House, a step higher up. Then back to 'Frisco, and a show at the Orpheum—booked return dates on the first night."

"Teddy and I worked like niggers, and as for Mrs. Teddy, she was a little peach! We got the most gigantic 'ads' in the 'Frisco papers. 'Chat with the Jumping Lady.' 'What the Jumping Lady Eats and Drinks.' 'The Jumping Lady in Her Peaceful Home,' and all that sort of thing."

"Time went on, and we worked our way to New York City, creating a furor in every place."

"Say! there wasn't a man jumper to beat her turn, but the old, original machinery commenced to show the result of wear and tear."

"You must make me a new rig-out, Nick!" says Mrs. Teddy to me.

"Wait till we get to London, England," says Teddy Hopper, for we'd just got an engagement at your big Pendragon Music Hall."

"So we waited. But there was something of a hustle when we arrived here, more than I reckoned on."

"But I set to work at the new apparatus, while Teddy and his wife walked around London, and saw

everything there is to see in your city in one week."

"Oh!" said the Silent Member, but Hankey took no notice of him, and continued:

"In consequence of this chasin' and worryin' over London, Mrs. Teddy had no time to practise with the new springs—you should always practise. Say! when I was an organist in one of the New England towns I practised solid for five hours a day—but that's nothing to do with this."

"Our opening night at the Pendragon arrived. The house was crowded, and the Jumping Lady had the best place in the programme."

"When Mrs. Teddy came out of her dressing-room, she looked elegant, in a short, white dress, just sparkling with diamonds; she was obliged to wear high, soft boots, wrinkled like a suede glove, but they didn't look clumsy from the front."

"Nick, I wish I'd practised with these springs. I don't know as I can manage such great, powerful things!" she whispered, as we three stood together.

"Don't be scared," I answered, though I felt a little queer myself. "You'll just fly over the brougham to-night. Keep cool and press hard—there's your number going up now—luck!"

"The orchestra broke into a lively tune and Mrs. Teddy ran on to the stage."

"Teddy and I stood as far forward as we dared. She began with the usual telling leap over the backs of half a dozen chairs. Say! I'd never seen her jump so high. It just made me blink!"

"That was something wrong. I looked round at Teddy. His eyes were just glued on the stage. He gripped hold of my arm and pointed. I turned again towards the lady—

"It's the new springs!" gasped Teddy. "Look at her! Nick, old boy, she can't stop!"

"Yes, sir, that was the downright sober truth. I've never seen such a sight—jump, jump, jump! The leader quickened his time, and the audience commenced to laugh."

"But nothing disconcerted the champion lady. Over the table, over the chairs—jump, jump, jump! She cleared the brougham at a single bound! The audience began to shout. We both made a break for the stage."

"We were too late. She leapt over our heads to the howls of the crowd in front; she cleared the footlights; she was down in the stalls—jump, jump, jump!"

Hankey bounded to his feet as he described that extraordinary scene in the Pendragon Music Hall, but when this point was reached he dropped quietly into his chair and again smoothed his neat hair.

"Well," he went on, "we just gave chase. A man in the front row—good-looking fellow, who afterwards offered me six thousand dollars for my patent of the jumping springs, but I couldn't sell for a trifle like that—we gave chase, Teddy, he and I."

"Say! She went down 'buscally flying! She cleared a 'bus easily at the bottom of Waterloo Place! I nearly caught her myself in the Euston Road. At Nunhead Cemetery the man from the front row sort o' slowed up a bit."

"Come on!" says Teddy, and we came on!

"Say! That was a great night, and those wonderful springs of mine only gave out at twenty-five minutes to five on the following morning. The Jumping Lady was a little bit mad, and Teddy had collapsed on the high road about ten miles back, so the man from the front row and I brought her home by the workman's train."

Nicholas Felix Hankey smiled again on the silent Liars and turned to the Silent Member, who always thought the truth.

"Now, don't you tell me that's all a bluff!" said Hankey. "The Jumping Lady was an elegant fake."

"I believe you, Hankey," murmured the Silent Member, "for I was the man in the front row."—"M. A. P."

Parable of the Good Philanthropist.

A DOUBTFUL PERSON went up from Jericho to Jerusalem and fell among Pious People, which deprived him of what little reputation he had, and stabbed him in the back, and departed, leaving him socially dead.

And by chance there came across him a certain Parson, and when he heard about him, he deeply regretted the circumstances.

And likewise a popular Preacher, when he heard of him, looked into the affair, and made a strong illustration of it in his next sermon.

But a certain Philanthropist, as he did the bountiful, became aware of the case; and when he had considered it, he patronized him, and exhibited unbounded condescension, and took him to a restaurant, and dined him.

And on the morrow when he met him, he took up his visiting-card, and asked him to be sure to call and see him occasionally, and shook hands with him.

And it came to pass that the Doubtful Person made his way in spite of everything, and lifted himself up in the world, and the Philanthropist pointed him out to all his friends, and said: "Look at that man that I took out of the gutter and made what he is." And the Philanthropist's friends all said: "What an amiable character! What generosity! What virtue! And to himself they said: 'We implore you not to let this person's ingratitude affect you!'"

It was after this that the Doubtful Person went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, and met with the Good Samaritan.—A.E.S. in the "Lamp."

His Wish to Privacy.

Give me a cell
To dwell,
Where no foot hath
A path;
There will I spend
And end,
My wearied years
In tears!

—Herrick.

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Books and Their Makers.

IN the Master Christian Marie Correll has added another striking novel to her already extended list. Always inclining to the supernatural and the sensational, this authoress has launched in her interesting story, The Master Christian, a straight and barbed shaft at the decadence and hypocrisy generally of the orthodox Church.

Sh. speaks with the voice of the times, and her remedy for the existing badness of the state of things is a simple return to primitive and undiluted Christianity. The story is laid in Rouen, Rome and London, in the order indicated above. A dear old cardinal, from a remote see, living according to the earliest Christian example, sleeps in a small, poor inn of Rouen, where he is visited, with much protest, by the Archbishop of Rouen and his secretary, Cazeau, a bad specimen of a lustful priest. After the visit the Cardinal's sleep is disturbed by a mournful cry from the square, where he finds a lonely boy, whom he succors, putting him to sleep in his own couch. This boy is a reincarnation of the Christ, and is presumably the Master Christian. Questions of dogma, morality, kindness and sore need come up one by one through the tale, which deals with the fortunes of a famous woman painter and her less famous and envious betrothed, a Hungarian princess and her American and other lovers, and various high dignitaries of church and state at Rome. While it would be idle to compare The Master Christian and The Christian, they are contrasts sufficiently diverse to be interesting in their light.

Marie Correll is unmercifully long-winded at times, but even her interminable talk may be profitably read. The child, Manuel, is an inspiring figure, and the account of his interview with the Pope, with "one foot on the step of the throne," is so daring as to be dramatic. Sylvie, the kissable, carressable butterfly Hungarian, turns out a trump, and Angela tastes of Marion Crawford's irreproachable heroine. A sly thought comes to one in reading how her lover, fired by furious envy of the talent her picture shows, stabs her in the back. The suggestion that Correll was thinking of Hall Caine's possible resentment at her near skate upon the edge of his copyright title, when she described the low jealousy of a man whose work is outdone by a woman, may not have occurred to anyone, but it did to me. However, the lover got it hot for his rash act of fury, and Hall Caine, poor little chap, also received some pinks. George Morang & Co. (Limited) have brought out a new edition of this story, and it is difficult to get a copy in the shops, so well has it been advertised and sold.

The Private Life of the Prince of Wales, by a member of the royal entourage, sounds promising. It is one of the forthcoming books of this autumn. All the chaplains will have to have it.

The English Winston Churchill has given up his project of an American lecturing tour this autumn, but he expects to visit the United States and perhaps Canada early in the coming year. Mr. Churchill's new book will be called Ian Hamilton's March, and the volume will contain the author's letters to the London "Morning Post," as well as other matter relative to the South African struggle. The other Winston Churchill will shortly bring out his new novel of the American Civil War.

Gilbert Parker's new novel The Lane That Had No Turning, is a story of life in Canada. The heroine, Madeline, is a famous singer, and the hero is her husband, Seigneur of Pontiac.

The copyright of Balzac's novels expired on Saturday, August 18. Messrs. Levy of Paris paid sixteen thousand dollars to Balzac's widow for this copyright in 1865, thirty years after Balzac's death, and for thirty-five years they have enjoyed the monopoly. The market will soon doubtless be flooded with cheap editions. The most successful of the recent cheap reprints in England has been Mr. Hardy's Toss of the D'Urbervilles. Of this a hundred thousand copies have been sold.

Translations from the French novelists form a large part of the reading of Germany. Zola, Maupassant and Marcel Prevost are particularly popular.

lar in that country. Kipling's work is said to be making its way there.

Charles Major, author of When Knighthood Was In Flower, has written a series of stories that deal with the pioneer period in Indiana, which he has named Blue River Bear Stories. Richard Whiting's new novel will deal with the life of the British farm laborer. The author is again at work, though slowly, as he is not entirely recovered from his recent severe illness.

The Siege of Mafeking.

(From the "Recorder," Brockville, Ont.)

There is scarcely a point touched in Africa by the boys of the Canadian contingents in which they have not found the only Canadian medicine with a world-wide reputation—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Several of the Brockville boys with the contingents have mentioned in their letters that they have found the Pink Pill advertising everywhere. One of them, Mr. Thomas Price, of C. Battery, R.C.A., who took part in the relief of Mafeking, in an interesting letter to a friend here, says: "While strolling through Mafeking, after the relief, I saw an enamelled iron Pink Pill sign that had gone through the siege. It was actually filled with bullet holes, but still hung up in front of the drug store. The familiar name recalled home, and I tried to secure the sign for Mr. Puford as a memento of the siege. I offered to buy it, but the drugist said he would not part with it for any consideration, not even when I told him I came from the original home of Pink Pills. I even went back and tried to 'commandeer' it, but was not successful, and I suppose that in the years to come it will still hang in front of that drug store, a reminder of the terrible siege the little town so bravely withstood."

Perhaps the Boy Was Right.

Teacher—Try to remember this: Milton, the poet, was blind. Do you think you can remember it?
Bobby Smart—Yes, ma'am.
Teacher—Now, what was Milton's great misfortune?
Bobby Smart—He was a poet.

Literature Up North

"Yes," said the young woman. "I find books in the running brooks." "Well," said the Muskoka man, "then summer boarders littered the place up terrible with them trashy novels last year. Me and my missus done the best we could to burn 'em; but they do seem to keep turnin' up!"

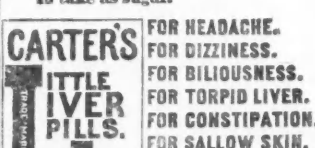
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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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The Drama

PHYSICALLY, Miss Eugenie Blair is not exactly the Florida Wildcat one picture in reading Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's book. But she is a very pleasing woman to look upon, and her acting it is that gives to A Lady of Quality, as played at the Grand this week, nearly all of the charm and interest it possesses. Miss Blair has not the abandon of Miss Julia Arthur; it is easily seen, indeed, that she has not the temperament of the Canadian actress to begin with; but Miss Blair's self-repression sits well upon her, and gives a quality of refinement to her work that would doubtless be missing were she to throw herself more fiercely into her part. Her support is not ideal. Mr. James Carew, the leading man, who plays Sir John Oxon, is a good actor, but a too great rapidity of speech frequently robs his words of distinctness. The other roles were only fairly well taken. There is a fragrance about A Lady of Quality that one finds it difficult to account for. The story is essentially morbid, essentially painful. But one cannot help liking it, with its quaint eighteenth century personages, and its portrayal of a good woman in deadly conflict with the incarnated shadow of a past for which she is not responsible and which is at variance with all the aspirations of her later development.

The first three acts of A Lady of Quality drag heavily; they embrace much that could have been omitted or cut down with advantage. In the fourth, the smouldering interest suddenly leaps into a flame, which burns undimmed to the end. It is the last two acts that redeem the play and give it whatever hold upon the public it has secured.

Eugenie Blair has begun proceedings for divorce from Robert Downing.

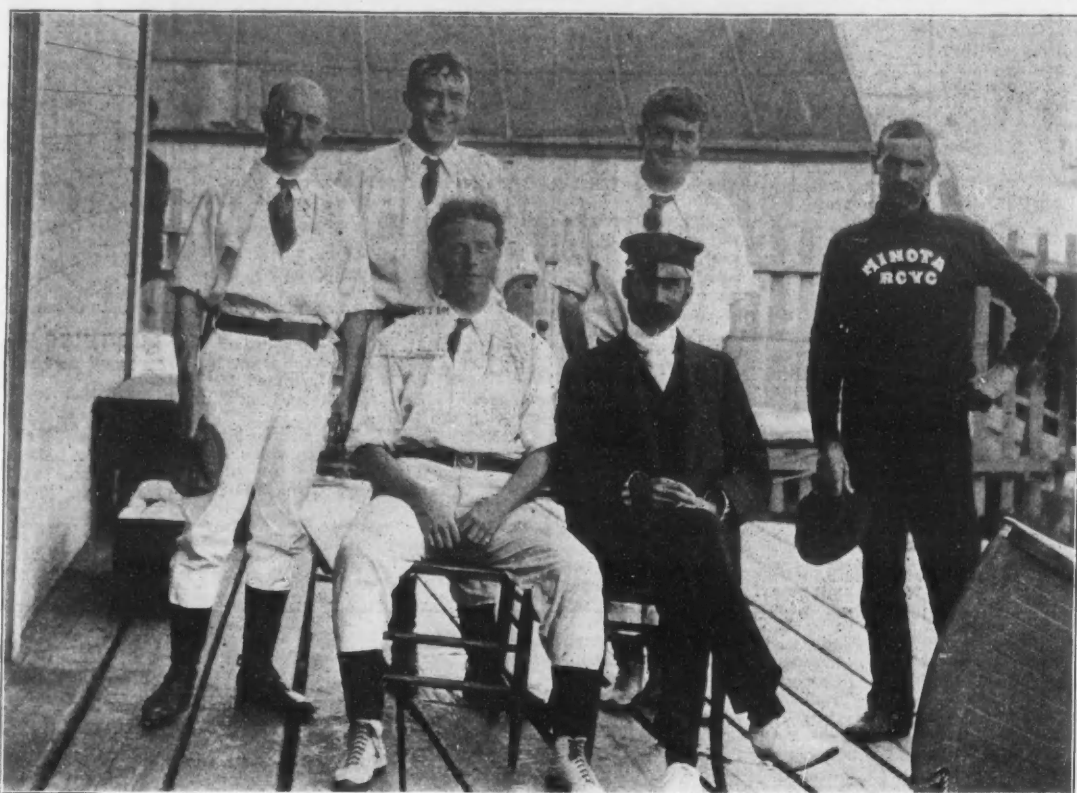


"The Baron"

als and those of nearly all their relatives) to see A Parisian Romance. The acting was good, if the French pronunciations were not always perfect, and on the whole the Valentine Company again gave proof of their versatility and resource.

A programme marked by several unusually good features was presented at Shea's this week. Digby Bell, the ex-comic opera star, was announced as the head-liner; he sang a couple of good songs and got off a few fresh jokes—though it must be admitted that the "mother-in-law" story was a bit mouldy; but the consensus of opinion would probably be that Mr. and Mrs. Perkins Fisher, in their quaint rural sketch, "The Half-Way House," provided the most charming portion of the whole performance, and were really the head-liners of the bill. Their sketch was written by Ezra Kendall; it has the right commingling of fun and pathos to appeal to one side or another of everybody's nature, and it was played by Mr. and Mrs. Fisher with charming simplicity and fidelity. Its one song, "Before the Lights were Lit," spoke with directness to everyone who had a childhood worth remembering. Josephine Sabel took with the crowd—her coon song, "My Girl from Dixie," seeming to win especial favor; but when all is said and done, Miss Sabel's chief recommendation is her colossal self-confidence. The Hungarian Boys' Band played several stirring, if hackneyed, pieces. Alice Pierce, dainty and refined looking, pleased everyone with her imitations of famous actresses and theatrical singers. She is the kind of girl one likes to behold on the stage. The Oriskany Trio were exceptionally clever, but the public is getting tired of acrobatic feats. Frank and Don, chestnut-crackers and comedy boxers, occupied valuable time in a manner that won approbation from the gods, and John and Etta Gilroy, in an interior comedy sketch, were the only real blanks in the drawing.

Here is a tip for Toronto's managers in particular, and theatrical people in general. Why can't Yankee gags—especially jokes based on United States history and politics—be adapted to suit Canadian audiences instead of being sprung in their original form, which is nearly always pointless to our people? Most of these jokes might be given a Canadian tinge and made fifty per cent. more effective by the exercise of a little ingenuity on the part of the managers or the actors themselves. Take Shea's show this week. In the "Half-Way House" were hung pictures of Lincoln and Washington. On this side the line Macdonald and Brown might have been substituted. Their pictures are easily obtainable, and such a change would not only be compli-



THE FISHER CUP CONTEST.—MINOTA'S CREW.

mentary to a Canadian audience, but would add to the success of the piece. And so with hundreds of other references and details that, as they stand, are purely "American" and without point here. It is true that attempts sometimes are made to adapt jokes to Canadian audiences, but as a rule sufficient care is not taken and the work is botched. Frank and Don at Shea's this week made such an attempt, and spoke in one of their jokes of Conservatives and "Radicals." The point was missed by nine-tenths of the audience, but would have been understood if "Tories" and "Grits" had been the words used. "Radical" has no meaning in Canadian politics.

Patrons of the Toronto have had as fare this week a highly improbable melodrama, of the "rampageous" class, called A Young Wife. If there is one class of play that is generally didactic it is the melodrama, but there are didactic melodramas that are not ethical. When it is possible for a morning paper, in "writing up" a play to proclaim that "Richard G. Williams is a burglar who should be seen by all amateur thugs in town, for he is one of the best all-round bad men seen here for some time," the gentle reader may well wonder whether the reporter is poking fun at the melodrama or the melodrama is poking vicious trash at the public. The "strongest chain of theaters extant" might give us something more, exalted.

Maurice Barrymore will be Marie Burroughs' leading man in The Battle of the Strong, by Gilbert Parker.

De Wolf Hopper has been making a big hit in vaudeville at Weber and Fields', New York.

In the opinion of Boston people, A Modern Crusoe is the best comedy in which Roland Reed and Isadore Rush have ever appeared.

The Mayor of Droitwich, England, asked the editor of London "Truth" to announce that Ellen Terry had been taking a course of brine baths in that town. The editor of "Truth," who is a hard one to work for free advertising, replied that the "privacy of a lady's bathing arrangements ought at all times to be respected;" therefore he could not give space to the paragraph.

Miss Julia Neilson is the second Nell Gwynne on the contemporary London stage. These clashes are not uncommon in English theatrical history, the most recent having been in The Musketeer boom, when old Dumas' theme provided Mr. Tree and Mr. Waller with opposing or at least contrasting dramatizations. Several times, when versions of novels have been in question, yet a third entertainment has been provided in the law courts.

The dramatization of popular novels seems to be a feature of the coming theatrical season. That managers are keen for material for good plays is indicated by the fact that the publishers of the "Century Magazine" have already received applications for dramatic rights in The Helmet of Navarre, of which only the first instalment has been printed.

There are two Valentine stock companies, and both are playing this season in Canada. The other one is at St. John and Halifax.

Becky Sharp is being offered for stock company production in a new form.

The Kendals, who have been busily rehearsing a new play by Mrs. W. K. Clifford, entitled Unwisely But Too

Well, have been chagrined by the discovery that Sydney Grundy's play, A Debt of Honor, produced by George Alexander on Thursday at the St. James's Theater, is almost a replica of the work they had in hand. Mrs. Clifford's play was printed in the March issue of Lady Randolph Churchill's "Anglo-Saxon Review" under the title, Likeness of the Night, and was twice read and rejected by Alexander. As a result, a heated newspaper controversy is in progress. Grundy partly declares that he never knew Alexander had ever read Mrs. Clifford's play, and that Alexander had no idea what he, Grundy, was writing till the play was completed. Grundy adds:

"I did not know until now that Mrs. Clifford's play was published in the 'Anglo-Saxon Review,' nor have I met anybody who did."

The Kendals, who have been making elaborate preparations for presenting the new piece, regard the matter as a great misfortune, but they declare they will proceed without changing the play, as they were at first inclined to do.

In the version of Quo Vadis given by the Frawley company in San Francisco lately, Adgie's lions were brought out during the arena scene, which strikes us as being about the limit in realism.

Owen Davis' play, Through the Breakers, will open a week's engagement at the Toronto Opera House on Monday night. The comedy element is said to be strongly in evidence, and the act finales somewhat sensational.

Next week's attraction at Shea's is the Reilly and Woods big vaudeville show. The programme includes the "Four Emperors of Music," instrumentalists who introduce their own musical inventions in an act spiced with comedy, and other versatile features; the Elridges, dialect comedians, in an original batch of "coon troubles;" the Misses Bennett and Stembler, who offer, for the first time here, a little play fresh from the pen of George Cohan, entitled Sapho and Lulu; Keno, Welch and Melrose in an acrobatic absurdity; "Happy" Fanny Fields, who gives twelve minutes of fun peculiarly her own; Ollie Young and Brother in a double act of club juggling and hoop manipulation; Mlle. Valmoretta, who will make her first appearance in America, in a European novelty that promises to make a sensation; the Three Sisters Paris in a pastime of color movement and song; Frank D. Bryan in original humorous parodies; Junie McCree and his own supporting company in a character portrayal entitled The Dope Fiend; the four danseuses L'Africa, in pantomimic dancing; Pat Reilly in a new Irish character act supplemented by lightning cartoon drawings. The bill concludes with an idea of Frank D. Bryan's, called The Dances of all Nations.

Next week's attraction at the Grand promises to be one of much interest, inasmuch as it will give theater-goers an opportunity not only to see a play which has already met with approbation, but its leading character will be played by Andrew Robson, a young Canadian who is fast making his way to recognition as one of the best actors in America. He is to be seen in the part of Clarence the actor, in The Royal Box, a play adapted and re-written by the late lamented Charles Coghlan. When Mr. Coghlan fell ill last season, Mr. Robson played his part, and when the end came and the famous English actor had passed away, the role naturally fell upon Mr. Robson's shoulders. Another member of the company, who is known to the stage as Charles Bertram, is young Mr. DuMoulin, the son of the Lord Bishop of Niagara, who has also met with a good deal of success in the dramatic profession.

Ingomar will be played by the Valentines at the Princess next week.



THE FISHER CUP CONTEST.—GENESEE'S CREW.

Golf.

THE qualifying round for the championship of the Rosedale Club was played on Saturday last in a high wind, but with otherwise delightful weather. The sixteen best scores embrace all those to be included in the first round. The second sixteen play for the consolation. Mr. Lyon turned in the best score, 82, with Mr. Strath second with 84.

The slight rain on Saturday evening did wonders for the greens. The teams and rollers have been set to work and the turf will be even and true for the Vardon exhibition this afternoon. Vardon, in his American tour, has had few defeats, and they could almost all be accounted for. Out of twenty-four games played between February 12 and May 3, he lost only three, and in almost every instance he has established a new record for the course. In England it is thought by many that had Vardon arrived from America two weeks earlier and thoroughly recovered from the effects of the sea before entering for the championship, the result would have been different. Mr. V. C. Brown, the Canadian champion, and Mr. G. S. Lyon, the champion of the Rosedale Club, and ex-Canadian champion, will play their best ball against the Ganton man. Cumming, the Toronto Club pro, will caddy for Mr. Brown, and Ritchie, the Rosedale expert, for Mr. Lyon, and their advice ought to be extremely valuable. The two Rosedale men have been putting in some good work this week at both the Toronto and Rosedale links, with the pros. Mr. Lyon has not wholly recovered from hay-fever, but is playing good golf. Mr. Brown has not been quite up to his game, but may be relied upon to put up a stiff match. Vardon is a long driver, and so are both the Canadians, and it will be interesting to make comparison. The match, which consists of 36 holes, begins at 1 p.m. sharp. The badges can be secured from Mr. Baxter, the club secretary. Should the weather prove propitious, the links will see a following that has never been equalled at any golf match in Canada. Vardon's Canadian trip is being looked after by Mr. T. Wall, the Spaulding representative.

The question of employing professionals as caddies—at all times a vexing one—has come up in connection with today's match. It has been said that it is a bad precedent to establish in Canada. In the States it is done by almost all the "cracks," with the possible exception of Travis. It may be sport and it may not be sport, but certainly the man with the almighty dollar is the man to be helped through the tight places by the up-to-date professional. In golf, above all other games, a long purse has an enormous advantage over ordinary means, but the climax is reached in having the paid advice of the professional at one's elbow all through a match. This, of course, is a luxury beyond the reach of the average man. The permissibility of this practice will sooner or later come before the associations of the United States and Canada, and it is to be hoped that the men will be made to enter the lists and win and



HARRY VARDON.

lose their battles on their own skill and judgment. The case in point, where amateurs are playing a world-famed professional, is perhaps not quite parallel.

It is to be hoped that Vardon will be here in time to take a few rounds of the course previous to the match, and that the best caddy assistance will be secured for him, that we may see an even test of skill.

The Toronto links saw a goodly array of enthusiasts on Saturday last in the first round for the championship and consolation events. One of the features of the day was the defeat of Champion Brown by Mr. Stewart Gordon.

W. J. Travis has added another prize to his list by capturing the Tuxedo cup in the open tournament of the Tuxedo Club. He has fully demonstrated his claim to be considered the first amateur of the States. September 26th to 29th will see a great gathering at the Dixie course for the amateur championship, the open handicap, and the inter-provincial matches, with the added attraction of Harry Vardon. It is a great programme, and Ontario will be well represented. Regarding the winner of the championship, there are a number of probabilities and a large number of possibilities. The trophy should come to Toronto, but golf is ever uncertain. With representatives such as Brown, Kerr, Lyon, Gordon, Smith and Baxter, however, the Queen City may rest easy. Judging by the past year's play, the event should go to either Mr. Kerr or Mr. Lyon.

HAZARD.

Freak Bets.

Every four years, when the United States Presidential election comes along, the natural exhilaration of the occasion is heightened by an epidemic of "freak" betting on the result. This year's campaign is no exception. Among the stakes are real estate and marriage. Upon the success of Bryan hangs the marriage of J. Howard and Miss Mary Johnson, of Santa Fe, Haskell County, Kan. Her father is Republican, and though the lady loves Howard and the father quite approves of him on all secondary grounds, he cannot bear the thought of having a Democrat for a son-in-law. However, he is willing to make the lovers a sporting offer, and if Bryan wins the Presidency, J. Howard wins a wife and Miss Mary Johnson a husband. At Indianapolis the failure of Bryan will entail upon Charles W. Bridges & Co., real estate dealers, the loss of a cottage, five city lots, twenty lots in the gas region, and a farm of 240 acres, the whole valued at \$11,200. If he wins they will keep the deeds and the dollars will go to the cause. Should Bryan win, the following events are also certain to happen in Chicago: Frank Kennedy will wear his clothes wrong side out for a fortnight; G. Krahn will carry no umbrella until June 1, 1901; R. Haldon will wear a long-stemmed American Beauty rose pinned to his overcoat during December, January, and February, and it will be a fresh one every day; and A. Hawthorn, of Montreal, will parade the streets with an Irish flag in his hand, with a band in front and a drum corps behind playing Irish airs. On the other hand, if Bryan loses, Patrick Devin will carry the English flag, and that, says he, will break his heart.

Unanswerable.

Papa—We are now, my son, 2,000 feet above the level of the sea.

Bertie—Is that the sea down there, papa?

Papa—Certainly.

Bertie—But that isn't level.

And then a deep silence fell.—"Pick-me-Up."



The Wreck of the "Mary Ward."

ONE of the earliest of the great wrecks of Georgian Bay was that of the propeller "Mary Ward." In an angry gale as ever lashed the usually tranquil waters of the Georgian, this vessel lost her bearings and ground herself to pieces on a submerged ridge of rock that has since borne the sinister name of "the Mary Ward shoal." Compared with several later disasters, this one was not marked by great loss of life or property; the drowning of eight men and the destruction of a vessel and cargo valued at \$25,000 are not specially terrible to contemplate, compared with the results of some other disasters of which the Georgian Bay has been the scene. But the details of the story are as thrilling and tragic as those of any like occurrence.

On the 22nd of November, 1872, the "Mary Ward" left Sarnia for Collingwood. She was loaded with salt and coal oil, and had a number of passengers on board. At Tobermory harbor, on the Bruce peninsula, she took aboard, from the steamer "Cumberland," several surveyors en route to Thunder Bay. This party, finding that the "Cumberland" would not be able to proceed further than Sault Ste. Marie, returned on the "Mary Ward," intending to proceed to their destination by the overland route. The "Ward" reached Owen Sound on the morning of Sunday, November 24th. There she took on several more passengers for Collingwood, and early in the afternoon steamed away for her destination.

It was a beautiful, calm Sabbath afternoon. Scarcely a ripple was caused by the gentlest southerly breeze. The most timid would not have hesitated to accept the hazards of the six hours' sail to Collingwood. All went well until the greater part of the voyage had been accomplished. The breeze freshened a bit, and shifted a few points. The night came down unusually dark, and for some reason the light of the Nottawasaga light-house could not be seen. The officers afterwards contended that something must have gone wrong with the ship's compass. At all events, a light was finally picked up, but, as was subsequently learned, this was the glimmer of a lamp in a large half-way house which stood by the shore and was used by teamsters and overland travellers between Collingwood and Owen Sound. The error was discovered too late, and the watchful eyes of those in charge of the wheel picked up the distant bullseye of the Nottawasaga light-house just as the steamer grated on a smooth shelving shoal about three miles from shore. This was at 9 p.m.

The position of the "Ward" was not necessarily dangerous. She was hard aground, but unless the weather should become boisterous, there was no reason to suppose that all on board could not be got ashore in safety. Indeed, after the first excitement had subsided, arrangements were made to pass the night in tranquillity, and no thought of the doom impending entered any mind. George Corbett, purser, and Mr. Moberly, a passenger, went ashore in a small boat and proceeded to Collingwood, where they arrived early on Monday morning, for the purpose of procuring a tug to go to the assistance of the "Ward."

After midnight the wind and the sea increased; and at 11 o'clock Monday morning, conditions had become so bad that Captain Johnston and seven others launched a boat, and started for the light-house, about three miles distant, to procure assistance. Their trip was a thrilling one. When they landed at the light-house, their boat was half full of water and in a sinking condition. The tug "Mary Ann" had meanwhile been got in readiness at Collingwood, and started for the stranded steamer about 2 o'clock Monday afternoon. But before the tug set out on her mission of mercy the wind had got into the north-west and was blowing a violent gale.

The "Mary Ann" reached the "Ward," but the mighty billows prevented her being of the slightest assistance; and though she hovered round for a couple of hours, she could not get even within hailing distance of the doomed steamer and her priceless cargo of helpless humanity. At half-past four the tug gave up the task as hopeless, and reluctantly steamed back to Collingwood over mountainous seas.

Soon after she left, eight of those on board the "Ward" determined to make a desperate attempt to reach land. A boat was made ready to be lowered; and into this tiny cockleshell clambered John Stephens, of Owen Sound, part owner of the "Ward"; Robert Blyth, passenger, Owen Sound; Caldwell, passenger, Toronto; Taylor, passenger, Simcoe; Chadwick, passenger, Elora; Charles Campbell, a passenger, who lived directly opposite where the "Ward" was pounding herself to pieces; Richard Reardon, wheelman, and William Rorke, deck-hand, both recent arrivals from England. These brave fellows made a good start upon their bold undertaking; but when a hundred yards from the propeller, the man at the boat's tiller lost his head, and let go; another of the crew immediately sprang to the helm, but it was too late; the boat was swept round into the trough of the sea, and the succeeding wave filled it and carried two men down into the engulfing waters. The boat remained afloat a single instant. Then another billow overwhelmed the tiny craft and it swamped. Two men clung desperately to the gunwale of the yawl for nearly three-quarters of an hour. Then, numbed with cold, they let go, and shared the dreaded fate of their six companions.

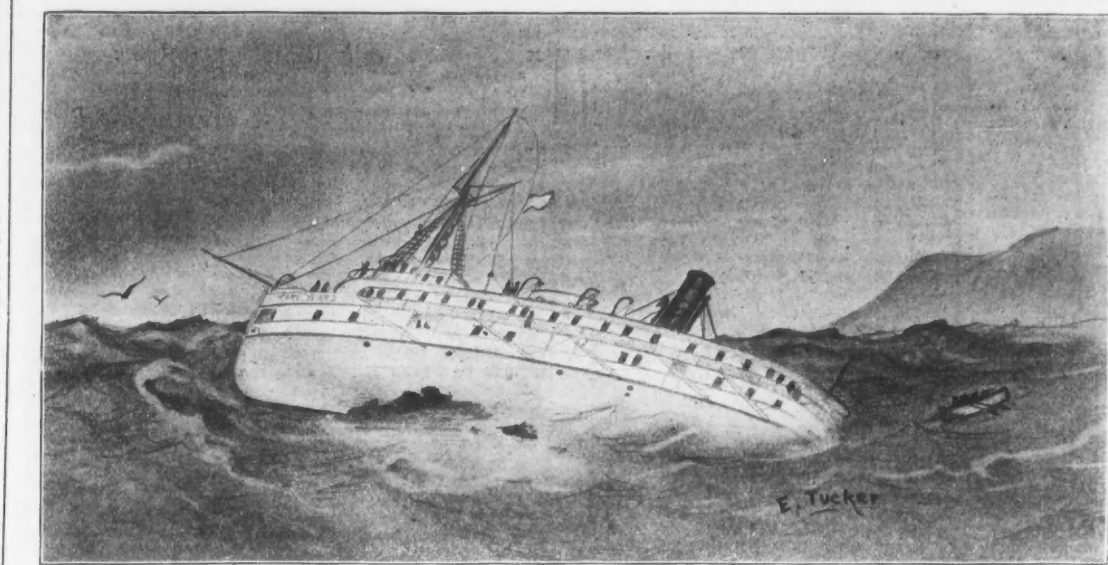
All who remained aboard the steamer were saved. The gale blew itself out towards evening, when three fishing boats pluckily put out from Thornbury over the yet raging surges and rescued all who had stuck to the ship.

The "Ward" was a total wreck. She was owned by Messrs. Forhan, Corbett, Johnson, Stephens and Miller, of Owen Sound, and was insured for \$72,000.

Owing to the receding of the waters of Lake Huron and Georgian Bay, the "Mary Ward" shoal is now a ridge of dry rock standing well up out of the water. The half-way house whose light lured the steamer to destruction, stood till a couple of years ago, when it was burned by tramps, who had infested it since its day of usefulness departed.

Mrs. Cassidy's Corner.

MRS. CASSIDY looked up from her work with that broad and beaming smile which seemed to encompass one with her own richly happy atmosphere, and remarked: "What am I at? Miss dear. Well, I'm just sortin' these bits of cuttin' from th' papers. 'Tis like pickin' out carpet rags for all the world! There's light an' dark and neutral, so to speak! The lights is Grits, the darks is Conservatives, an' the neutral is straddle th' fence. 'Tis amusin' to see how they shade off! Since Gloria Hughes stopped his letters and tuk to bookwritin', there's not much but elections in th' papers, an' so I'm interestin' myself in thim for want of better employment. Maybe, Miss dear, ye've read about the man they call Hugh John, and maybe ye've met the father of him in days gone by. I did once myself. 'Twas this way. I used to sell fruit down by the old Union Station, before they began to pick up and tidy up down there. 'Twas pretty near thrain time goin' east, when I started for home that night, an' just as I went round the corner av Front, a man came round the other way, an' bumped into me. I stepped aside, he did the same, an' we kep' at it, until, says he, laughin', 'Which way will you go, good woman?' 'Any way yer honor pleases,' says I, for I knew the voice of him was uncommon. He stood a minute wid a twinkle in his eye. 'I wish,' says he, shakin' his head, 'I'd five thousand voters as biddable,' says he, an' away he went. That was the old John, before he'd a handle to his name. He'd an Irish leavin', that man, tho' they do say he was pure Scotch. Comin' from vespers last Sunday I saw a cab full of min, an' says Cornelius, 'Look, Molly, there's Hugh John,' says he. 'Come on, mother,' says Con, 'there's nothin' to see.' But me eyes is me own, an' I looked at the mannie, tucked in beside a big fellow, and sure enough, I knew him by the nose. 'Tis him,' says I. 'I wonder how he five thousand his pa wished he had.' An' thin I told me story, an' Cornelius was tickled, but Con wouldn't laugh. If we wa scarpet rags, Cornelius wud be black an' Con white, an' me—well, I'm just neutral at prisint, Miss dear, till I get at the bottom of it all. 'Tis a new game to me!'



THE WRECK OF THE "MARY WARD."

"Last Saturday Con kem home early an' says he, 'Mother an' Molly, are yer fer the Races?' says he. 'I've a frind,' says he, 'that's ridin' to-day, an' if you say so, we'll go.' It's many an' many a day since I saw the like, an' we'd a fine time! Ivery now and again the quality wud come sthrayin' down to see the bettin'. Such pretty craters and such clothes! Ah, Miss dear, Solomon would have left that forward Sheba piece and gone after more than wan of those darlin's if he'd been there. Not that Solomon wud be any great catch, nor worth the likes of thim ladies takin' a few shares in. A man apiece, or at the furdest one betune two of thim, is what they're used to, but poor Solomon, be all accounts, wasn't even a quarter section! He's always had me sympathies, that poor soul, fur what was all his glory divided by three hundred?'

"I learned a lot from me neighbors about some of those grand people, an', Miss dear, if they knew the things one hears from the crowd, they'd kape in their own little pen, an' not giv' thim a chance. I'd not demane meself to tell you the remarks I heard on thim."

AMANDA.

The

"Pull

Mail

Magazine's"

CONCEPTION

of

MISS

MARIE

CORELLI.



The Briefest Editorial Snub.

Letters from editors to contributors in which the former gracefully decline the offerings of the latter, have been couched in ten thousand ways. But rarely has one been written more tersely and to the point than that which a well-known English author lately received. The writer may usually be counted on to furnish amusing and wholly unobjectionable stories. But on this occasion he gave himself a little freer hand and the result, though moral enough, was perhaps not quite "for the family." This story was sent to a magazine which is very particular about such matters.

The editor, who is a friend of the author, and who knew that the latter's sense of humor would make him take it as it was meant, returned the manuscript promptly with the following note:

"My dear sir: Oh, my dear sir!
"Yours faithfully,
"—"

Wanted—A Retrospective Review.

A MEMBER of the Contributors' Club of the "Atlantic Monthly" suggests that a Retrospective Review is one of the literary needs of the day. He cites the case of a clever man of the past generation who had a standing rule to read nothing later than the time of Queen Anne; "because," he said, "there are quantities of good books—enough for me—before that time; and if anything important has happened since, some one will be sure to tell me." We do not know whether Bishop Stubbs, the historian, is the personage referred to, but we recall the remark of that eminent churchman and litterateur that the happiest period of his life was the ten years in which he excluded from his reading any book written since 1800.

Is the literature of the nineteenth century, then, inferior to that of preceding eras? Is it sheer waste of time to read Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, Dickens, Thackeray, Macaulay, Carlyle, Tennyson, Browning, and the other great writers of the past hundred years? Undoubtedly not. Undoubtedly, the nineteenth century has produced as brilliant a group of poets, novelists, historians, and essayists as any former era of English literature, with the exception, possibly, of the period of Shakespeare and Bacon. Even with the Elizabethan era, the Victorian can compare in point of the scope and variety of its literature, if not for the sublimity of the reputations left behind.

But while it may be true that the literature of the nineteenth century compares not discreditably with that of any single preceding period, it would be absurd to pretend that the writings of the past hundred years equal, or nearly equal, in value and interest the writings of all former ages. Yet this, practically, is the assumption of most of us in neglecting all literature but that of our own century, or perhaps even our own little generation. We read Scott and Carlyle, or Dickens and Macaulay, and consider our taste is eminently catholic and respectable; we read the daily newspapers, a magazine, and Kipling, and plume ourselves on our literary discrimination; we can rattle off the names and characters of the last half-dozen popular novels, and imagine we have sounded the delights of the reading habits. But the fact remains that to the majority, Shakespeare, Spenser, Bacon, Milton, Addison, Pope, and Bunyan are, and are likely ever to be, only names. It is this that gives point and reason to the suggestion that a field lies open for a Retrospective Review.

One use of the Review, says its advocate, would be to reprint from time to time the great books of the world that every child should know. It is not necessary to reprint the half-dozen volumes of the "Arabian Nights," for example; but the greatest of the Tales can be given as an earnest of the rest,—Hassan of Bussorah, "Sindbad's Voyages," "Aladdin," and the like. Even "Ivanhoe" might be somewhat abridged without losing the slightest flavor of the original, if the abridgment were done by a skilful hand.

Mr. Andrew Lang in his prismatic "Fairy Books" is supposed to have gleaned all the fairy tales of the world, but there are treasures yet untouched by him in Oriental literatures—and there is no harm in reprinting an old story if it is going to make a new child happy.

But there are books to be reprinted for the fathers, also—books in foreign tongues as well as in English. Voltaire, for example, is almost unread nowadays, and what a loss! There are a half dozen of his romans that ought to be as familiar to English readers as they are to educated Frenchmen; if they are printed at all they must be given in French, as well as in the best translation one can obtain of his sparkling, crystal-clear style. A hundred other foreign writers could be named whose names are on every one's tongue, but whose works are only read by chance as it were, not regularly and as a matter of course,—Cervantes, Goethe, Pascal, La Bruyere, to name only a few. It would be the business of the Review to present these in translation; and in the original as well, in many cases. Beside the very greatest names there are hundreds of less famous ones that ought to find an intellectual hospitality in such a magazine, —Alfred de Vigny, Stendhal, Le President des Brosses, Madame de Staël, Vauvenargues, for example. What novel of to-day is as finely romantic as "Corinne"?

It is not only in prose that the Review would serve its purpose, but in poetry also. Every one knows that Sa'di is a great poet, but how many of us can quote a line from his "Rose-Garden"? or from Ronsard? or Villon? or Camoens? Who would not be grateful for a poem by Dr. Donne to fill up the space at the bottom of a page? Who would not be the better for it? There should be a place for all the fine poetry of the world as well as for all the prose. And after it is so presented there should be a place for critical essays to say why it is fine and how. In essays of the sort the literature of to-day could be taken for granted, and such essays would be the connecting link between actuality and retrospection. Many great essays of this kind already exist, and there will always be a place for more. History can be treated in the same way, and biography.

In the field of art the Review would be most useful. Let us begin, once more, with the children. Every child ought to be familiar with the great pictures and statues of the world, and there is no child so young that it cannot be interested in the "Pallas" of Botticelli or the "David" of Michael Angelo. Every number of the Review ought to present some great picture, or some famous statue, or some fine building. A few pages of text would serve to fix the place of the artist and of his work in their right perspective. Children would never forget pictures seen in this way. The accompanying text might even be welcome to their elders. All of us would be grateful for such retrospections, even if they came somewhat at random. Once in a while something more systematic might be given. The whole work of a great painter might be reviewed. We might have a paper on the Abbeys of England or the Mogul architecture in India. There would be a place for everything. In music it would not be useful to reprint long symphonies or sonatas, but there are gems of song quite unknown to the ordinary collections, that would be welcome here; and might it not be a very useful thing to present Schubert's "Danksagung am Bach" to readers who have never heard anything better than Tosti?

"I have proved to my own satisfaction," says the member of the Contributors' Club in conclusion, "that a Retrospective Review is needed, and that it would be a great success from every point of view. There is not a human being that I know from the children upwards who would not enjoy such a magazine far more than all but the very best of the magazines of to-day. My Review would, some day, reprint Charles Reade's 'Peg Woffington.' I have not read so good a story as 'Peg Woffington' in English for twenty years. It would reprint Froissart's 'Battle of Cressy.' Nothing that the war correspondents sent from Cuba—(or South Africa?)—compares with this. It would reprint Marriner's adventures in the Tonga Islands; 'Robinson Crusoe' is not more interesting. It would reprint Wordsworth's 'Ode to Duty.' What modern poet has sung the song we need to hear so well as he? These things, and a thousand more, a Retrospective Review would periodically present to all of us. Can we afford to go on a moment longer without it?"

The reason poets wear long hair is probably because there is no short cut to fame.

Never taunt your wife with her ignorance. You would probably be single to-day were she otherwise.

The bear is a furry animal, but the man who sells his skin is a furrier.

Old Gentleman—How old are you, my little man?

Newsboy—Nearly seven, sir.

Old Gentleman—And how long have you been in the newspaper business?

Newsboy—Oh, ever since I was a kid!

A Strictly Business Enterprise.



Chimnie—Naw, I won't cuss anudder word for four cents. Youse kids'll have ter dig up some more pennies or de lesson stops right here!

The Cigarette and Athletics.

THUS writes the sporting editor of London "Truth": "Some little attention is being called to youngsters smoking cigarettes. Anybody with any power of observation must have noticed the extent to which juvenile smoking has been increased by the production of the cheap cigarette. Schoolboys squander their money according to their means on good, bad, and indifferent smokes of this class. The youthful cigarette-puffer is particularly prominent in the holidays. Some people think smoking does not hurt the youngsters. Indulgent parents are too careless or indifferent to stop the practice. An old University athlete writes to me on this subject, and he points out that growing boys ought to be living in as healthy an environment as the man of maturer years when he is in training. He has often been asked by schoolboys how they should train for their school sports. His invariable answer is that by a little running they should try to get pace and style, and as for diet that they should live in their ordinary healthy style. Half the out-crickets matches of public schools are lost owing to the fact that as soon as the boys slip away from school a certain number of the team smoke. The eye is easily put out, and missed catches and poor scores are the result. A master at one of our public schools was once told by the captain that he could not make out what had come over the team in one of their matches. The master, who had been watching the play, told him that it was simply because certain of the team whom he named had been smoking. Anybody who goes into training has to give up smoking. Whether it be in rowing for the Lent or Mays, the Torpids or the Eights, the inter-university sports or the boat race, the undergraduate gives up his smoke and takes to the plain, healthy diet and regular hours of the schoolboy. Then he becomes a perfect specimen of robust manhood. The schoolboy, while he is developing, essentially requires to be in a perpetual state of training so far as diet and smoking goes. How far the popular idea that smoking spoils the wind is correct, I do not know. Certainly one would think that the practice of inhaling what goes along with cigarette smoking is about as bad a thing for the growing lung as anything that the wit of man could devise. In mature men one often sees the nervous system upset by too much cigarette smoking. In youths the effect of a little smoking is just the same. If young fellows and children in the upper and middle class indulge in the habit one can scarcely wonder that the lower classes act in the same way. The poor little beggars have very few joys in life, and they may be more easily excused than their betters."

Outdoor Pastimes.

PARKDALE Cricket Club and Toronto-Rosedale met for the last time this season at Rosedale on Saturday, the game resulting in a draw. The West End club won the toss and went to bat on a fast wicket, facing the bowling of Messrs. Gillespie and Montgomery, and when their last wicket fell had a total of 120. The feature of Parkdale's innings was the splendid stand made by Mr. C. Gray, who contributed 58 before he was bowled by Montgomery. His runs were made without giving a chance, his principal hits being one five, eight fours, and a three. Mr. J. Goodier also made 17, and Mr. F. W. Baldwin 14 by good cricket. Only thirty-five minutes remained to play when Toronto-Rosedale went to the wickets to face the bowling of Messrs. Chambers and Baldwin, and when stumps were drawn they had lost half their wickets for 24 runs.

Cricketers all over the world take more or less interest in the English county championship matches. This year the north countrymen have cause to be proud of the prowess of their "gentlemen in flannels." Surrey came out on top last season, with the other metropolitan county (Middlesex) in second place, and Yorkshire third on the list. But this year, as we have already announced, Yorkshire, with an unbroken record and a unique percentage, unmistakably carried off the premier honors; Lancashire stands second, her only two defeats coming late in the season. Kent, which at one period did not seem to have a ghost of a chance of being in a respectable position at the close, made, towards the end of the season, such pronounced progress as to result in the hop county securing third place. The decline of Surrey is a sad disappointment for the Londoner, who regards her defeat, and also the early misfortunes of Middlesex, as "a thing a fellow can't understand."

With the close of the cricket season the great English Football League matches have commenced, and there is every indication that the remarkable interest which of late years has attached to the matches played under Association rules will be as pronounced during the coming season as it was last, when upwards of 70,000 persons paid gate money to witness the final of the All-England League contest. The system of buying and selling players such as prevails on this side of the Atlantic in the matter of baseball, appears to be giving rise to a good deal of adverse criticism, and the average sportsman is loud in his complaint of the practice having been allowed to creep in. He very properly contends that it is no credit to a town to win with a team scarcely one member of which really belongs to the place. It is stated that as much as \$2,000 has been given to induce one club to release a player in order that he might sign on with another, and sums far in advance of this have been offered to secure the services of crack players. Commenting on the practice, an English exchange, which wields a powerful influence on sport in the south of England, says: "This kind of bargaining is not likely to enhance the reputation of football players. It is not sport as we understand sport in this country, and it tends to bring football down to the level of the worst days of the prize-ring."

It is contended by an advocate of wheeling that cycling and sobriety go hand in hand. Obviously a man on a machine must be sober, or he will not be able to stop there. Obviously, too, if he spends his money on buying a bicycle he cannot spend that same money on drink. Obviously, also, if he has only a very limited income he cannot indulge in the luxury of a bicycle and of drink as well. This sounds very well, but it would be interesting to have the testimony of inn-keepers a few miles out from Toronto if it could be obtained.

Improved System of Standing Treat.

The "evils of drinking" was the subject upon which two prominent clubmen communed the other day. "Why not ask one's friends to take something more useful than a drink?" Acting upon the idea, they went into the nearest shop—a haberdasher's—and Number One asked: "What will you have?" "A pair of socks, I think," said Number Two, and with a "Here's luck!" he put them in his pocket. "Have one with me?" "Thanks; I'll have a tie." They chatted while the tie was being papered, and then came to this inevitable: "Have another?" "No, thanks, really," was the answer: "have to keep my head clear for business, don't you know?"—Wine and Spirit Gazette.

Not Broken Yet.

"So you quarrelled with George?" said the girl in the blue blouse.
"Yes," answered the other, with much pathos.
"Is your engagement broken?"
"Oh, no. I told him I never wanted to see his face again, and he said that he would leave me forever. But we didn't go so far as to break our engagement."—Answers.

The Lobster—You have no lungs. How do you get your breath? Chorus of oysters—Bivalves in our shells.

TRANSPORTATION-RAIL AND WATER.
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Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Tuesday, Oct. 2, 10 a.m.
Lahr, Thursday, Oct. 4, 10 a.m.
Trave, Saturday, Oct. 6, 10 a.m.
Kaiserin Maria Theresia, Tuesday, Oct. 16, 10 a.m.
Aller, Thursday, Oct. 18, 10 a.m.
Kaiser Wm. der Grosse, Tuesday, Oct. 26, 10 a.m.
New York, Cherbourg, Southampton, Bremen
Princess Irene, Saturday, Sept. 25, 10 a.m.
Fried der Grosse, Thursday, Oct. 4, 10 a.m.
Grosser Kurfurst, Thursday, Oct. 11, 10 a.m.
MEDITERRANEAN
GIBRALTAR, NAPLES, GENOA
Ems, October 6; Aller, October 20; Werra, October 27; Kaiser Wm. II., November 10; Aller, November 24.

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Anecdotal.

A good story is told by the "Belgian Times" of the first visit of Nasr-ed-Din, the father of the present Shah, to the King of the Belgians at the Chateau de Laeken. When he saw the Queen surrounded by her ladies-in-waiting the Shah said to the King: "Your harem, sir?" The question took the King so much by surprise that he did not for a moment reply, and the Shah, taking his silence for consent, looked critically along the line and added, mildly but decidedly: "You will have to renew it."

A characteristic story of Whistler is going the rounds. That famous artist was once painting the portrait of a distinguished novelist who was extremely ill-favored. When the portrait was finished the sitter did not seem satisfied with it. "You don't seem to like it," Whistler said. The sitter confessed that he did not, and said in self-justification: "You must admit that it is a bad work of art." "Yes," Whistler replied, "but I think you must admit that you are a bad work of nature."

In his book on "Upper Wharfedale" Mr. Harry Speight tells an amusing story about a famous waterfall near Bolton Abbey. The old guide showed "used to relate with a smile that on one occasion he accompanied a very garrulous party of ladies and gentlemen to the head of the gorge, when one of the gentlemen remarked to him: 'My good fellow, how much further is it yet to the fall?' The old fellow answered: 'Just a minute or two, sir. As soon as the ladies stop talking you will hear the roar!'

Mr. Justin McCarthy has been contributing to "Chambers' Journal" a paper on the witty sayings he has heard, and in the course of it mentions a peaceful and silent member of the House of Commons who one night burst into a furious attack on Gladstone. Nobody could understand it; it was all so unlike the man. Gladstone, who had not yet taken any part in the conversation on the incident, now quietly observed: 'I have often heard that no animal is so dangerous as a mad sheep. I am sorry to say that the unfortunate member was known among his friends from that time forth and for evermore as 'the mad sheep.'

Lawyers not infrequently receive the most provoking retorts from women when they are trying to confound. A counsel defending a prisoner on trial for stealing money began his cross-examination of the principal witness, a

woman, by saying: "Tell me, my good woman, what sort of money had you?" "I had eight shillings in silver and a sovereign in gold." "Tell me, my good woman," continued the lawyer with a sneer, intended to confuse the witness, "did you ever see a sovereign in anything else than gold?" "Oh, yes, sir," answered the woman with a calm smile, "I saw Queen Victoria."

"Madam," said a coarse lawyer, baffled in his attempt to make a cool witness contradict her statements, "You have enough brass to make a saucepan." "And you've sauce enough to fill it," she retorted.
The late Lord Russell of Killowen had a weakness for lecturing people on their shortcomings. When, in October, 1898, the London Irish Rugby Football Club was matched to play Hammer-smith Club, on the London County Athletic Ground, Herne Hill, Lord Russell was invited, and consented, to kick off the ball. On arriving punctually at the hour appointed he found that some of the members of the London Irish team were not on the ground. He waited patiently for some ten or fifteen minutes until all the players were assembled, and then called up Mr. Dyas, the captain of the London Irish, and delivered the following homily: "Captain Dyas and members of the London Irish Rugby Football Club: I desire to point out to you that one of your cardinal rules in life should be punctuality. Unless you study that rule, whether in business or in play, you will never be successful. I am sure that you will take heed to it, and I hope that you will now reading you." The Lord Chief Justice, with the utmost gravity, then proceeded to kick off the ball.

Two Writers.

A YEAR ago this month it was by a coincidence unremarked at the time, my lot to be more or less brought in touch with two authors whose work and personality have interested people a good deal before and since. I have been recalling last September more than once lately—letters from chums who bicycled and rode and dined and traveled with me have happened to come by the early mails this month from almost every corner of the world. And I have recalled, among others, Marie Corelli and Hall Caine, one in her quiet English home in the Cotswolds, the other in his white on-Avon-to which place he last Thursday week—and the other in his white schloss on the mountain side a few miles from Douglas, in his own Manx-land, where a year ago this bright September morning I had a jolly and interesting little visit. Marie Corelli is as unlike what one would suppose the author of The Master Christian to be as night from day. It is not the best place to meet an English authoress in a busy waiting-room or a railway carriage. The traveling Briton has certain peculiarities, and Marie Corelli, for all her foreign name, is a double-distilled traveling Briton. I'm not going to give her away a bit further. I try to forget, as I read her books, which fascinate and delight me, that there ever was a train from Birmingham to Stratford-on-Avon, by which we traveled together that sweet September day. The authoress had been asked to open a bazaar in aid of a fund for the dependants of commercial travelers and for travelers who were in old age and not good circumstances, which bazaar was held in the City Hall at Birmingham. Miss Corelli there made one of the best, most business-like and interesting little speeches, which filled me with the usual envy of the unattainable and also with admiration for her clever aptitude. Then she went home on some subsequent morning to Stratford-on-Avon, at the same hour which had been arranged by the professor as my going-away time. That was the way I met Marie Corelli. To-day I have just finished reading The Master Christian, and I am quite ready to agree that there never was a train or a trip to Shakespeare's birthplace.

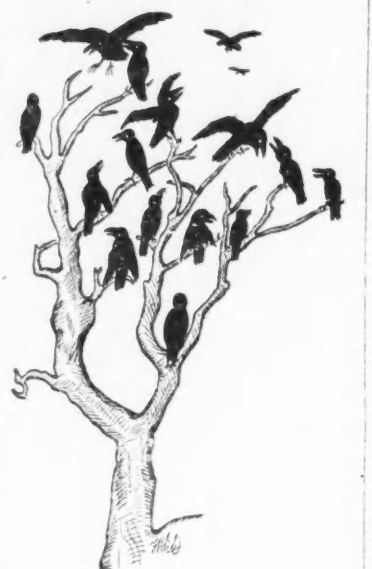
Marie Corelli's book is a succession of vivid happenings, more or less sensational, with so sacred an interest, veiled by many of them, that one holds the breath as one pursues it. The personality of the Christ has been always the most fascinating and absorbing thought subject I have met in my life. Here, in The Master Christian, this personality, in the form of a beautiful, mysteriously coming and gloriously vanishing boy, is all-pervading. One cannot criticize what one venerates. The presence of the Christ child, red-tinkling, exhorting, befriending, healing and finally claiming the spirit of his simple-hearted old foster-father at his death, is running like a thread of light through the dark intrigues, the very human frailties and the passions of the usual worldly creatures. Marie Corelli kills off her bad folk without a turn of the head—draw 'em, burn 'em, shoot 'em, and the way is clear for better brought up wayfarers. The Pastoral surroundings, even the Holy Father himself, get the scrape of her rough tongue now and again, and the book won't probably be any more welcome in the circles of the orthodox than Hall Caine's Christian was with that multitudinous class, the hospital nurses.

But I wanted to tell you also about Hall Caine's home, near Douglas. In the first place, the Isle of Man is the most delightful place to go to in summer time. It is, as you know, the holiday Mecca of countless "cotton dollys," as the Lancashire operatives in the cotton factories are called by the other "trippers." The steamers come across from Liverpool crowded with unutterable beings, whose English as she is spoke sounds weird and alarming, whose manners and customs are extraordinary, and who can make friends, chum about together and say good-bye without even the grace of an revoir, with a sang froid which is more than startling. Mag or Kate sits upon a bench on the esplanade, Tom and Dick, in clothes which would give a Bowery boy convulsions, pass once or twice, pause, enquire if the ladies are lone, and, being assured of the fact, proceed spending the day together. Which they do, in perfect view of scores of others similarly pitchforked together, parting after the usual "Darnee" with hearty good-will, each seeking their own chosen board-

ing-place, and no one a particle the worse. This happy-go-lucky comradeship is a peculiarity of the cotton dolly and the tripper, I was assured by many old residents of Douglas. One sees them up on the roofs of the frams which whirl round the coast of Manx-land pair after pair, with arms interlocked, or the flash coat sleeve snugly encircling the cheap waist belt of the frizzy-haired cotton dolly, whose frizzes may be lank strands after a rough sea trip from Liverpool, and whose weary form may lean kindly against the ready arm of the man she met half an hour earlier for the first time. Back into the beautiful country of hill and dale, mountain and glen, which stretches behind the port of Douglas, he bicycled one windy morning, the lad and I. The lad's father and mother had loaned him to me for company and right good company was he, full of curiosity to see Hall Caine's home, dainty Greeba Castle, and wondering if the famous author would give him an autograph for a small book he carried tucked in an inside pocket. "There's the castle!" cried the lad, pointing up the mountainside where we had ridden seven miles or so. And there it was, snowy white amid the green, a beautiful wee place, like the sugar schloss one sees on brick cakes or Christmas cakes. Too steep a road to ride leads up from the gates, under a canopy of huge trees and turns half way, revealing a further bordering of great fuchsia trees covered with tiny waxen blood-red blooms, and beyond the white steps the white door, the white castle, all as snowy as enamel paint can make them, the little paneled windows open and white frilled curtains fluttering within. A polished brass doorknob, a shining knob, a huge brass ring and chain hanging from the door for a bell pull. And within—the quaintest, most lovely rooms, full of carved old chairs, settees, mantels, a huge fireplace, a Manx pot with Burns' "Grace" upon it, a spinning wheel, queer pictures, lovely books, curtains, a pretty little chateleine in a pink silk frock, and a rosy, sturdy little Manx son—Derwent—very knowing about bicycles, and Hall Caine just gone away to London!

LADY GAY.

Political Item.



A Caucus of Caw (Cass).

A Daily Nuisance.

A Simple Remedy Which Will Interest Catarrh Sufferers.

In its earlier stages catarrh is more of a nuisance than a menace to the general health, but sooner or later the disease extends to the throat, bronchitis, tubes and even to the stomach and intestines.

Catarrh is essentially a disease of the mucous membrane, the local symptoms being a profuse discharge of mucus, stoppage of the nostrils, irritation in throat, causing coughing, sneezing, gagging and frequent clearings of the throat and head.

The usual treatment by local douches, snuffs, salves, etc., often gives temporary relief, but anything like a cure can only be obtained by a treatment which removes the catarrhal taint from the blood and the disappearance of the inflammation from the mucous surfaces.

A new remedy which meets these requirements and which so far has been remarkably successful in curing catarrh is Stuart's Catarrh Tablets.

These tablets act upon the blood and mucous membranes only. They can hardly be called a secret patent medicine, as they are composed of such valuable remedies as Sanguinaria, Hydrastis, Eucalyptol and similar cleansing antiseptics, which cure by eliminating from the blood and mucous surfaces the catarrhal poison.

Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are large, pleasant tasting lozenges, taken internally, allowing them to dissolve slowly in the mouth, in this way they reach the throat, fauces and the entire alimentary canal.

If desired, they may also be dissolved in water and used as a douche, in addition to the internal use, but it is not at all necessary to use a douche; a few of them dissolved in the mouth daily will be sufficient. However, when there is much stoppage of the nose, a douche made from these tablets will give immediate relief, but the regular treatment for catarrh is the tablets.

Dr. Bement states "that the internal treatment for catarrh is rapidly taking the place of the old plan of douching and local application, and further says that probably the best and certainly the safest remedy at present on the market is Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, as no secret is made of their composition and all the really efficient remedies for catarrh are contained in this tablet."

Druggists sell Stuart's Catarrh Tablets at fifty cents for full sized packages. Ask your druggist and if he is honest he will tell you there is no safer, more palatable, more efficient and convenient remedy on the market.

The Irish Ibsenians.

IN the world of the theater we are at this moment face to face with two tendencies diametrically opposed. On the extreme left (in Parliamentary phrase) we have the Ibsenians, and on the extreme right the composers and admirers of such plays as "Lady Huntworth's Experiment," which is having so successful a run at the Criterion. In the latter you will find nothing that not only the "merest schoolboy" (that prodigy which sprung full-armed from the brain of Macaulay) does not immediately understand, but nothing that even the man in the street who has had time to forget much of his schoolboy lore does not at once recognize as true. Mr. Carton, the able dramatist who wrote "Lady Huntworth's Experiment," has one object in view—that of pleasing, and therefore of being understood by, the general public. The acclimatizers of the Ibsenian dramas and their derivatives, such as the Irish Theater, have also one object in view—that of not being understood by the man in the street. A distinct element of the pleasure which their votaries obtain from them is the knowledge that what they are enjoying is "caviare to the general." Now we are informed that a select band of young authors and dramatists have the project of founding a National Irish Theater. The funds necessary for the undertaking will be mainly furnished by subscription among the members, and if at the end of the year any vile lucre (they all despise money) remains over that sum will be devoted to the production of fresh plays in the year to come. Interested as I am in all forms of intellectual activity, and especially in the drama, the appearance of this Irish National Theater has all my sympathy. But if I were asked whether I thought it would prove an enduring institution I should certainly not feel justified in giving an affirmative opinion. Belts, the organ of the little band of Celtic poets, is there to prove my point. They are all mightily bound on their Pegasus (only they snuff) call their hobby horses Pegasus, but its equivalent from the Celtic mythology) these young men. They talk of the brutal indifference of the London managers, the callous ignorance of the London public. They return, Antaeus-like, to their native soil to create a national drama which shall answer to the true ideal wants of their race. So far their programme is charming and sounds feasible. But upon what lines do they propose to work? From their citation of the "Countess Kathleen," "Maevie," and the "Heather Field" as types of excellence in their own peculiar manner, I can only say that, having perused those dramas with some attention, I should certainly not feel inclined to join a syndicate to take them on tour. On the contrary, although here and there among their pages I recognized true flowers of poetry in blossom and in bud, flowers of dramatic poetry faded I none. All was "utter" and "pinnacled dim in the intense lull." I am sure that the average Irish shopkeeper, the average Irish farmer, much less the average Irish mechanic or laborer, would understand as much of such a play as the "Countess Kathleen" as he would understand, say, "Oedipus" in the original.

"Yes, that is all very well" may be retorted by the upholders of the Irish Theater, "but you forget that our performances for the most part are guaranteed by private subscriptions, and that we do not depend upon the public—or only in part." In that case, I reply, why call your society the Irish National Theater? Far better call it the Irish Esoteric Theater, and its frankly incomprehensible to the many.

The founders of this theater are ignorant with the commercial spirit of the age, and especially with London, its great home and center. But the mere fact of their being unwilling to deal with the phenomena of life from the point of view of commercialism, which is the present attitude of the Anglo-Saxon world, puts them outside the pale of our drama. They are mere dreamers, and their audience will prove but a dream audience.

Take any of the successful dramatists of the past and see where their success lies. Is it not in resuming in pregnant phrase the thoughts of all the world Beaumarchais, whose "Marriage de Figaro" and "Barbier de Seville" I have just glanced through again, as being a man, not of genius, but of first-rate abilities, is a good instance in point. Why are his pieces as living now as when he wrote them more than a hundred years ago? Not from their careless unkempt style, certainly not from their prophecies of ideal states of life or society, but from

their ceaseless movement and from their condensation of what had been said and said again for a hundred years and was well known to the entire audience. Take one instance in point from the "Marriage de Figaro." Bridgion, the Judge, is with Marceline. Marceline is trying in vain to explain her case to this very silly fellow. Bridgion says: "Do you think I don't understand your case?" Marceline: No, sir, you do not. You can't explain it, and yet you are to be our judge.

Bridgion: Did I buy my judgeship for anything else but to judge? Marceline: It's very unjust that judgeships should be sold. Bridgion: Yes, it would be much more just to give them to us for nothing.

When Marceline says, "It's very unjust that they should be sold," she resumes in a phrase the thinking and writing of a crowd of writers and philosophers of the previous century which had frittered downwards until it had become part of the consciousness of the people and one of the grains that produced the harvest of the French Revolution.

Beaumarchais is the type of the true dramatist. I remember reading somewhere that he was seen inside the Bastille the day it was taken, searching among the masses of fluttering documents for something which might be of use to him in the construction of his new play.

That is why I am for Mr. Pinero and Mr. Carton rather than for the Irish Esoterics—London "Truth."

Castleton—My aunt has just died. Is the head undertaker in? Assistant—Want to see him on business? "No. Pleasure."

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Rene—No coupon enclosed. Sorry, but rules are rules.

Explosion—You did not enclose a coupon. Send along another study marked, "Second letter," and I will attend to you at once. You are certainly not "altogether bald."

Jollette—Letters to this column are an index of the feelings of the community. Every one opened to-day says, "Isn't Bill great?" "Dear old Bill," "You have also got the fever. Well, he's a good old chap, and a soldier, and, best of all, an Irish gentleman, the noblest of us God-some of us think. My writing is full of force and purpose dominant and decided, a trifle pessimistic, very careful of detail, a capable and decided hand, intuitive rather than logical, conservative, and a bit prejudiced. While your method is careful, your erratic impulse and sometimes illogical conclusions give the impression of carelessness sometimes. You have the dramatic instinct, plenty of fire and animation, and a wonderfully direct streak, considering your other traits. It is the hand of a fearless and refined person.

B.V.M.—You sincerely hope your study is coming into the hands of an elderly person. Well, so it is—very elderly and very patient with many persons of whom the elderly person now dissecting you is particularly fond. Your study isn't very well developed, but there is a good deal of sense in it, and you have some imagination and are very apt to idealize. Try to get your notions together and your scattered thoughts into line. Perhaps you are just very young. There are some lines of taste, refinement and quick but flippant purpose; you are slightly erratic impulse and sometimes illogical conclusions give the impression of carelessness sometimes. You have the dramatic instinct, plenty of fire and animation, and a wonderfully direct streak, considering your other traits. It is the hand of a fearless and refined person.

Madonna—Classical music that is lively and interesting? Why don't you ask for a mountain that is neighborly and amusing? If you don't love music for other reasons than because it is lively and interesting, you'd better let the classics alone. Beethoven's dainty little things Mendelssohn's Lieder Ohne Worte are both lively and neighborly. In our salad days?—Alcott's books have been dear to most of us. But until you are beyond them a bit, I cannot think your writing to pieces, my dear! You are so gloriously, greenly young!

Laylie—The meaning of Byron's flippancy and correct? Why don't you ask for a mountain that is neighborly and amusing? If you don't love music for other reasons than because it is lively and interesting, you'd better let the classics alone. Beethoven's dainty little things Mendelssohn's Lieder Ohne Worte are both lively and neighborly. In our salad days?—Alcott's books have been dear to most of us. But until you are beyond them a bit, I cannot think your writing to pieces, my dear! You are so gloriously, greenly young!

Marion A.—It is very peculiar writing, but at the same time anyone could read it without difficulty. Great power not well controlled or directed shows in your lines; tenacity, very strong individualism and ambitious purpose, adaptability, talent and variations of overconfidence and mistrust are noticeable. You are rather practical, well balanced and rule others, and are variable and undecided in your own thought and action. Flatterings may detract from your charm, which should be coming, if properly valued. It is an original, illogical and interesting study.

Maggie Foley—So sorry! I was away when your letter came. And I say I returned, the date had passed for which you asked suggestions. Won't you tell me it all went off? I am sure you had the best of all, eh?

Already—I must confess I don't understand how you can say a "beautiful nurse" in any but one sense. However, I suppose you mean a successful, winning

and useful one. 2. Your writing is strongly maternal, courageous and decided. You have energy, good temper, rather a good self-esteem, care and business ability. I don't think you have the finest sense of the fitness of things. Besides your curious "beautiful," you also say "I like it much." This isn't a bit clever of you and grates on a sensitive ear. You have good benevolent impulse, little refinement and a rather slovenly tone of mind. The study inclines to coarseness, but has excellent dash and go. You will likely be an excellent nurse to a not over-sensitive patient.

Forget-Me-Not.—There you are again! "What a lovely character Roberts must have—so humble under all his victories." My dear, self-praise is no recommendation. When tired of Roberts, turn to Hughes. Variety is the spice of life. Your writing is honest, good-tempered, a bit over-careful of effect, kind and mistrustful of the general public, though confiding to a few. You are humorous, practical, just and considerate. A very sweet, true little woman, I am quite sure of it.

Pro Tem.—September—the fairest month in all the year—gives its babies down of love and service to the whole creation. You and I must turn to others, or we won't be contented. Don't ask me to pick your writing to pieces, for it is not easy to say just things when opportunity for development and culture have been few. It's a canny, careful hand, honest, frank and truthful, a bit inclined to disliking work or duty. With all its shortcomings, a worthy hand and character.

Maple Leaf Lassie.—As you are a nurse, or trying to be one, yourself, I think you might have left out your remarks about the conduct of the nurses to the young information, as I can see from your writing discretion in speech is one of the things desirable for you to practise. You will very probably get on as far as your nature will allow—but a good nurse makes the ideal nurse. She is made of good stuff, and you—well, rather ordinary material. There is no law against your improvement, though, and plenty of material to work it upon. There isn't a line of inspiration in your study, but there is strong dominant will, energy and push, self-reliance and an off-hand generosity. You hold to a belief and can adapt yourself to circumstances. If you will give long thoughts to your study, and to your comrades, all will be well.

Tyrones.—You dear soul! No, the bird did not alight. As to the book, it has never for a moment wandered from arm's length of this table. Only yesterday the vagaries of my largest family hammer recalled one sketch. I shall just look it all through again, have a good grin and return it. Thanks for a hearty laugh. August? Was it hot? I was yawning that week and loafing in a country house on Grand Isle. Let me hear from you. I shall give you a thorough overhauling next week, so look out.

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WM. TYRRELL & CO.,
No. 8 King Street West.

Bowling at Walkerville.

Messrs. Hiram Walker & Sons' Great Tournament—Interesting Contests For Magnificent Prizes—Some thing of the History of the Game.

BOWLING is an English pastime of undoubted antiquity, dating back to the 13th century. Bowling on the green must not be confused with the bowling alley game. The former is a delightful summer game, while the latter has been in the past so productive of the gambling element that it was necessary to enact strict penal codes prohibiting it. Curling and bowling on the green are almost identical, with this difference, that in curling the distance is fixed, while in bowling it is uncertain. The game is almost universal all over England and Scotland, and of late years has taken quite a hold in

for it all the way with Clinton No. 2. It seems reasonable that Mr. Bob Donald should win the chief prize of the tournament, viz., Mrs. E. C. Walker's very valuable and handsome loving-cup. Bob is a "steady" bowler, a contributor to all schemes of fun-making, a church attendant and, above all, prime favorite with the ladies. Attended by "Elijah," his ebony valet, who was assiduous in his attendance to his master's requirements, within and without, the victory of Mr. Donald was popular, and the presentation to him of a magnificent bouquet by the ladies of Walkerville and vicinity on his departure showed their appreciation of his untiring efforts for their amusement.

On the evening of the 6th informal lawn parties were given by Mesdames E. C. Walker and W. Robins, which were most enjoyable. On Friday night a water excursion, with supper, on board the "Sappho" was participated in by over 500 bowlers and gentlemen

Notes From the Capital.

THERE were two conventions in Ottawa last week. The members of both departed saying nice things about the city, and apparently very pleased with the treatment they received here. Ottawa encourages conventions, and is always good to them when they come; nor was she in the least nonplussed by having two such important ones upon her hospitality at the same time. Even the accommodation of the Russell House, though taxed almost to its limit, did not give out, and both doctors and engineers were well looked after while in Ottawa. The medics held their meetings in the Academic Hall of the University of Ottawa, kindly placed at their disposal by Rev. Father Constantineau. A number of learned papers, teeming with unpronounceable words, were read at the meetings, and very garbled accounts of them were read by the public at large next morning in the daily papers. The public did not patronize the meetings of the Medical Association to any great extent, although I believe they were open to any who might desire to come. This was really fortunate, for people are apt to imagine themselves victims of the diseases they hear discussed. One doctor whose remarks were read with interest was Dr. Ryerson, of Toronto, who spoke from personal experience of the work done by the Red Cross Society in South Africa. And of course we all want to hear about that.

The medics were not so largely entertained as were the C.E.'s, but still they had their festivities; and they must have been glad of any "diversion" after some of the gloomy papers they listened to. Strange to say, the festivities prepared for them were all in the eating line—a banquet at the Russell, a luncheon at the Protestant Hospital given by the ladies' auxiliary, and a luncheon in the clubhouse at the rifle range. One can only hope the menu was prepared on strictly hygienic principles.

The convention of Canadian Civil Engineers opened on Thursday, and closed on Sunday evening. It was a delightful combination of business and pleasure. On Friday afternoon there was a most successful garden party given by Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Keefe at Rockcliffe Manor, which means that the weather was perfect, and that everybody expected to see was there. It was still summer, though a trifle cool for muslin and batiste frocks, as some of the girls who looked very nice confided to one another. There was a large marquee on the lawn, where refreshments were served, and a band playing on the terrace in front of the house. There was a lovely view to admire, and to point out to visitors; and there were pretty walks to be taken across the lawns toward the rifle range. Beside all this, there were the people who had been out of town all summer and who had come back quite pleased to meet one another again, and exchange experiences. Yes! it certainly was a successful garden party. Mrs. Fleming of Toronto is stopping at Rockcliffe, and she was a very charming assistant to her father and mother in

Aylmer that evening, was in honor of the Civil Engineers, and it also went off with much success. On Saturday the engineers were taken by train to Parry Sound, where they spent the night, returning to Ottawa on Sunday afternoon. Meanwhile the ladies of the party—several engineers had brought their wives and daughters to Ottawa—were the guests of the wives of the Ottawa engineers in an excursion up the Gatineau, by train, of course, for while the Gatineau is only navigable for logs coming down, nothing whatever can go up the waters of this mountain torrent. The party left the train at Low, where carriages met them, and they were driven to a very lovely spot by the river, where they had tea. They arrived back in Ottawa about eight o'clock, having had a most delightful afternoon.

Hon. G. W. Ross spent a few days in town last week, having come down to be present at the jubilee celebration of the Normal School, which took place in the Assembly Hall of the school last Friday evening. Mr. Ross is perhaps more at home in educational matters than are the majority of public men. His speech that evening was a remarkably fine one, and those who were present were well pleased at having heard him. Hon. R. W. Scott, Secretary of State, was also among the prominent men upon the platform, and gave some interesting reminiscences of the establishment and early days of the Normal. However, the most picturesque feature of the celebration was undoubtedly the presentation of a handsome gold watch to Dr. McCabe, the principal, by the first lady who graduated from the institution. A very pretty address was spoken by Mrs. Stevens in making the presentation, who was by no means as old as one might have expected to see the first graduate of an institution celebrating its silver jubilee. She spoke well, looked nice, and when she sat down after her little speech the hall rang with enthusiastic applause.

This week we have the Canada Central Fair to amuse us, and the Battle of Pardeberg to thrill us. The shop windows are gay with "novelties" and "the latest," which, in reference to a hat, I hear a gentleman explaining meant "latest left over from last spring's stock." The street cars are uncomfortably crowded and it is difficult to get served in the shops, but no one complains during Exhibition week, and the visitors are cordially welcomed.

AMARYLLIS.

A Great Reputation

Has Been Achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

Not Only in Canada, But in Every Civilized Country Throughout the World—Merit Alone Has Given This Medicine Its Great Prominence Over Competitors Everywhere.

The reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills not only in Canada, but throughout the world, rests upon a very solid basis, which may be summed up in two words—sterling merit. The "Enterprise" has had occasion to investigate a number of cures effected by this medicine, and knows that in some instances at least these cures were wrought after other medicines had failed even to give relief. Recently another cure came under our notice that cannot fail to increase the popularity of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the locality in which it occurred, and as we can vouch for the facts, it may well bring hope to sufferers elsewhere.

Mr. Walter H. Johnson is one of the best-known residents of the northern section of Queen's County. He resides in the town of Caledonia, where he keeps a hotel, and also runs a stage that carries passengers and mail between that town and Liverpool, a distance of some thirty miles. Mr. Johnson was in Bridgeville recently, on which occasion he gave a reporter of this paper the following facts: About three years ago he was taken very ill. He had the best of medical attendance, but made very little progress towards recovery, and the doctor told him there was very little hope that he would be able to return to his former work. The trouble appeared to have located itself in his kidneys, and for eight weeks or more he was confined to bed. He suffered greatly from constant pains in the back, his appetite became impaired, and his constitution generally appeared to be shattered. At this juncture he decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and got a half dozen boxes. In the course of a couple of weeks he noticed an improvement in his condition, and he continued the use of the pills until he had taken some ten or twelve boxes, when he not only felt that his cure was complete, but also felt that in all respects his health was better than it had been for years. Since that time he has been continually driving his coach between Caledonia and Liverpool, and has not had the slightest return of the trouble, notwithstanding that he has to face at times very inclement weather, that might well bring on a return of the trouble had not his system been so strongly fortified against it through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

If the blood is pure and wholesome disease cannot exist. The reason why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure so many forms of disease is that they act directly upon the blood and nerves, thus reaching the root of the trouble. Other medicines act only upon the symptoms of the trouble, and that is the reason the trouble always returns when you cease these medicines. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make permanent cures in kidney troubles, rheumatism, erysipelas, anaemia and kindred diseases. But be sure you get the genuine, which bear the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People on the wrapper around every box.

The Thistle in Canada.

It is a well-known truth that one must go abroad to get the latest news of one's home. Here is a paragraph from the "Outlook" (London) which illustrates the statement:

A certain patriotic Scot who has

ASK FOR Labatt's (LONDON)

An ale free from the faults of Lager and heavier brands of Ale and having the virtues of a pure beverage.



...THE...

OXOL

Fluid Beef Company's Preparations

contain such a large percentage of nutritious matter, and are so palatable that Invalids can take them for weeks without other nutritious food, and by their uses regain health, strength and vitality.

Sold by all Druggists and Grocers.

Oxol Fluid Beef Company, Montreal

made his home in Canada has, it appears, been the means of bringing down curses both loud and deep upon the emblem of his native land, and upon his own patriotism. The Scot in question, a gentleman bearing the grand old name of Macdonald, yearned for a sight of the beloved thistle. The wish of his heart was gratified. A thistle, or thistles, duly reached him, sent by some one in the Old Country to whom he had confided his longings. To his delight it did excellently well in the Canadian soil in which it was planted; it grew, it flourished, it increased—even as the green bay tree, the wicked, and various other things. Then the winds carried the seeds far and wide, and the brave Scottish thistle increased still more and more. But "Friend Macdonald's" neighbors looked at the matter in a shamefully cold-blooded way. They called the thistle a weed, and complained of the trouble given them in uprooting it. And "Friend Macdonald" is being classed with the man who introduced rabbits into Australia. Nay, more; he and his patriotism, as has been already observed, are being spoken of in terms of the reverse of complimentary. The thistle, however, will revenge both itself and "Friend Macdonald." It continues to thrive and to defy alike curses and sterner measures for its extirpation.

The Cause and Effect.

Small child (calling)—"Ere, Billy! Run and fetch ve bloomin' amber-lance!"

Billy (from distance)—"Wot's up, yer?"

Small child—Muvver's met ve liddy wot pinched ar door-mat—"Sketch."

Emulating the Ancient Romans.

Mr. Henry Clews, who is quartered at the States for the season, put all his wits to work a few evenings ago to prepare a surprise party for some of his friends in the form of a unique dinner. Each fair invitee was asked, the day before the banquet, to name some favorite dish she would like served at this feast. One lady suggested roast partridge. Mr. Clews reminded her that partridges were out of season, and consequently out of the question. Wouldn't she name a substitute? "Yes," said the lady, with a pout, "roast owls." And roast owls it was. When the game course was brought on, in came the waiter bearing a dish in which were grouped a number of small owls, feathers and all, with eyes wide open. "Good Heavens! They're alive," the women cried, in chorus. But they weren't; the

plumage being lifted, disclosed some nut-brown birds that had a savor much like that of young partridges done to a turn.—"Town Topics," New York.

A Way of Escape

From the Endless and Terrible Tortures of Dyspepsia.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets the Cure, the Only Cure—They Cure Naturally and For All Time—And They Never Fail.

Why is it that women suffer more than men? The question has been asked hundreds of thousands of times, but no satisfactory answer has ever been given.

Meanwhile, gentle, loving, patient woman goes on, bearing her heavy load.

You can see the ravages of ill-health on hundreds of otherwise lovely faces every day. That pallid, weary-looking woman is enduring the miseries of Dyspepsia; that one, whose face is prematurely wrinkled, whose eyes have lost their brightness, and who bears, unconsciously, a look of continual pain, is a victim of Indigestion.

In the majority of cases women suffer needlessly. They are like the occupants of a burning house, who, although the doors are open, refuse to make their escape.

This is true of all who suffer from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, Flatulence, Nervous Debility, Catarrh of the Stomach and all other ailments of stomach and digestive organs. It is true because there is a way of escape from suffering.

This way of escape—and there is no other, remember—is through the use of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. They prevent or cure these diseases by removing their cause—imperfect digestion. They digest the food, tone and strengthen the stomach, and stimulate the bowels. They clean out the system, supply pure blood, establish perfect digestion.

If you pen an advertisement take care not to exaggerate anything or the public will not believe you. For instance, don't tell the public that **Commandador** "Port Wine" has a big body, such a big body as a Jumbo Elephant, but simply that it has a body as it ought to have. Don't say that this old wine cures, for instance, a broken leg or a black eye. Simply say what is the truth, namely, that a glass or two after meals promotes your digestion and prevents dyspepsia, and otherwise puts you in a good humor.

A Famous Oil Heater

WILL TAKE THE CHILL OFF A COOL ROOM IN A FEW MOMENTS.

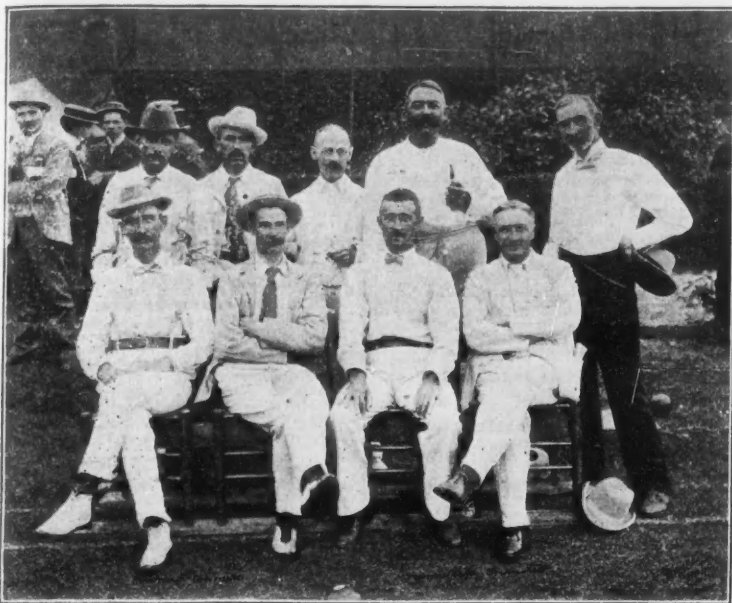


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THE WINNERS AND RUNNERS-UP.

Canada, and is making headway in the United States. The costliest portion of bowling on the green is the preparation and maintenance of the greens themselves. An ideal bowling green must be as level as a billiard table, and clad with a clover and lawn grass verdure, not too thick nor yet too thin. There are some fine greens in the neighborhood of Toronto—the Granites, the Victorias, the R.C.C.'s, the Canadas, the Caer Howell, though small the oldest, and the "Tussocks." But the king of all greens in Canada is that of Messrs. Hiram Walker & Sons (Limited), Walkerville, on which thousands of dollars have been spent to bring it to its present state of perfection. On September 6, 7, and 8 the most successful bowling tournament ever held in Canada took place on these lawns—36 rinks, composed of four members each, from Ontario, Chicago and Detroit competed for prizes, the peers of which have not been offered on any similar occasion. The Messrs. Walker and their able secretary, Mr. William Robins, are keen patrons of athletic sports, but yield the palm to bowling, and it has been their delight the past four years to give a tournament at an expense away up in the thousands of dollars to those bowlers who avail themselves of the invitation. That a good time is spent is without question, and the Messrs. Walker only insist on one point, that all bowlers taking part in the tournament shall adhere strictly to the rules of the game, as all gentlemen players do. It requires a master mind to arrange the different details for three days' play, for the entertainment outside of the bowling, and for the personal and general comfort of two hundred or more visitors. Mr. Robins had the programme so complete that not the slightest hitch occurred.

The clubs participating were from Toronto, Chicago 1, Detroit 2, Hamilton 2, London 2, Chatham 2, Windsor 2, Walkerville 2, Mitchell, Thamesville, Dresden, Galt, St. Thomas, Hamilton, Seaford, Woodstock, Kincardine, Clinton and Blenheim. The playing was of the keenest, and was notable for the defeat of the veteran players by younger participants. All credit is due to the Dresden rink for their consistent bowling throughout the entire tournament, and their victory over the crack Toronto Granite Rink was meritorious. In the secondary competition the Toronto Vics, under the master hand skipping of the only "Bob" Donald, secured the prizes, with the Hamilton Thistles as runners up, and the latter club also won the consolation prizes with their No. 1 rink, but had to fight



THE PRIZES.

Detroit ladies. Afterwards cordial votes of thanks were given to Mrs. E. C. Walker, the Messrs. Walker and Mr. Robins for the munificent manner in which their visitors had been entertained, and, in replying, Messrs. E. C. and Harry Walker extended a cordial invitation to all present for 1901.

The result of the final championship game was as follows:

DRESDEN. GRANITES NO. 1.
F. N. Wells. J. Headley.
Dr. W. Wiley. W. A. Littlejohn.
J. A. Taylor. G. R. Hargrave.
R. T. Mussen. J. Baird.
skip 17 skip 15

The accompanying cuts, taken from photographs by Bruce, of Toronto, are chosen from a series made by that excellent artist, which space does not permit us giving in full. They depict the winners of the primary prizes, and the runners-up, and also a view of the prizes.

He Preferred Mutton After All.

He was a station hand in from a three months' spell of work, during which he had tasted no other meat than mutton. Also he stuttered badly. His eyes fairly leaped at the stuffed turkey on the hotel dinner table, though the boiled mutton made him shiver. Said the host: "What will you try, Mr. Straps?" Eagerly: "I'll try a bit of t-t-t—" The word flooded him. Again: "G-give me a little t-t-t—" Then, red-faced and disgusted: "Oh, h-hang it! G-give me some b-blooming m-mutton! I h-hate it, but I can s-s-say it, anyhow."—Sydney Bulletin.

receiving and doing the honors. Mrs. Keefe wore a handsome costume of black, and Mrs. Fleming wore white lace over heliotrope taffeta, and a becoming hat of white and heliotrope. Mrs. Charlie Keefe wore black with a touch of blue in the hat and on the bodice, and her two nice looking daughters wore light summer frocks with large white hats. Mr. Charlie Keefe, who is one of the leading civil engineers of Ottawa, took good care of his conferees. The third generation was well represented by Mr. Allan Keefe, who had just returned to Ottawa from Toronto. The members of the convention were easily distinguishable, for they wore red ribbon badges fastened with a small pin, which, as well as I remember, was a silver maple leaf. Among the prominent people there were Sir Sanford Fleming, and his niece, the Misses Smith; Mrs. Clifford Sifton, Mr. and Mrs. Grant Powell, Colonel and Mrs. Aylmer, Colonel and Mrs. Cartwright, Mr. and Mrs. Dale Harris, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Scott, the latter a bride who looked very pretty in tan cloth with tucked waistcoat of rose pink and a black chiffon hat, and who naturally came in for a great deal of attention; Major Wickstead, Mrs. Robert Bell and Miss Alice Bell, who has just returned from a six months' tour in Europe; Colonel and Mrs. Charles Turner, Mrs. Armstrong and Miss Armstrong, Mrs. Coffin, Mrs. Shirley Ogilvie, Mrs. William Perley, Mrs. Fenning Taylor and Captain E. F. Taylor, Mrs. Douglas Sladen, Miss Maude Powell, and a number of others.

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MUSIC

some new and interesting compositions for the organ, which will shortly be published.

Mr. Ernest A. Humphries, who has been for more than three years organist and choirmaster of St. James' Church, Orillia, recently resigned his position there, to take a place on the staff of the Toronto College of Music. Since then, however, Mr. Humphries has been appointed musical director of the Institution for the Blind at Brantford, where he will not doubt be as successful as he has been in the north.

Mr. J. M. Sherlock, choirmaster of Carlton Street Methodist Church, who has been very ill for the past few weeks, is rapidly recovering, though still confined to the house. Before re-joining work Mr. Sherlock will take a trip extending over two or three weeks, and will then return to his varied duties in church, studio and concert. On the 27th inst., in company with the popular Sherlock Male Quartette, he will sing at Milton on the evening of the Fair day. He will also sing at a number of local concerts, including the Foresters', the Civic Employees' and others in Massey Hall. The quartette may be congratulated upon the fact that their services are in such constant demand.

Miss Hope Morgan, daughter of Judge Morgan of this city, is to open the series of Massey Hall concerts with a song recital, in which she will be assisted by Mr. Evans Williams, the popular "American" tenor, and Mr. Albert Lockwood, a pianist of brilliant attainments. The date of the event is announced for October 4. Miss Hope Morgan, it may be mentioned, has a charming soprano voice, which has been well cultivated under the instruction of Mme. Marchesi, at Paris. The young lady, who will practically make her Toronto debut on this occasion, has won many honors in France and England. At the second concert of the course Mr. Frankon Davies, the English basso, who is a prime favorite here, will be the principal attraction. Edouard Strauss and his Vienna orchestra will give two concerts on the evenings of October 31 and November 1, and will be followed by Miss Leonora Jackson, the talented "American" solo violinist, of whom the most glowing accounts as an artistic player on her instrument have reached us. The great event of the season to piano students will be the appearance of Herr Dohnanyi, the Hungarian soloist, whose triumphs in London and New York must be fresh in the public memory. After Christmas Mme. Sembrich, the great exponent of the finished school of singing, and Miss Clara Butt, the phenomenal English contralto, will be heard. Mme. Sembrich will bring her own company with her, which will include an orchestra. Manager Houston intends to give during the season a series of popular Saturday night concerts, and is making plans for a grand patriotic and thanksgiving concert on the return of the first Canadian contingent from South Africa.

Mr. J. W. Baumann has returned from his trip to the north, and has resumed his violin teaching at his studio at Nordheimer's.

Mr. E. Arnold Byrne of the Ontario Government Agency, Liverpool, Eng., has been spending a few days in Toronto on business connected with his department. Mr. Byrne occupies a prominent position as solo bass in one of the Liverpool churches, and during his stay in Toronto has sung in several of our leading churches. On Sunday evening last he sang Gounod's 'There is a Green Hill' at Jarvis Street Baptist Church, with most excellent effect. The quality of his rich and well cultivated voice was very much admired, while the pathos and musical feeling which characterized his rendering of the solo made a lasting impression on the large congregation.

Miss Effie Houghton, so well known as one of our most brilliant young pianists, is to be married on Tuesday next to Mr. Albert D. Jordan, F.T.C.M. The wedding will be celebrated at Trinity Church, Thornhill, at half past eight o'clock in the evening, and will be followed by a reception at the Queen's Hotel, Thornhill. A special car will leave North Toronto at 7.30, direct for the church.

According to a statement published in the New York 'Evening Post,' while Richard Wagner never had as much money as he needed to live comfortably and bring out his music-dramas as he wanted them, his heirs are rolling in wealth. From Munich alone—of Germany's seventy-two opera houses—their annual income is \$3,600. Munich has on its repertoire eleven of Wagner's operas, which have brought in at the box office up to date \$1,478,000, of which Wagner and his heirs—chiefly his heirs—received \$117,000. The most profitable opera has been Tannhauser, the 250 performances of which yielded \$299,000. Even the juvenile opera, The Fairies, has brought in over \$50,000. But Munich is only just beginning its Wagnerian career. The new opera house which has been built there in accordance with Wagner's plans and is to be devoted chiefly to his works, will soon be opened.

The current number of the 'Musical Opinion' calls attention to the unsatisfactory state of our musical terminology. "While so much has been written," it says, "upon the subject of musical criticism and criticism, it is curious to note the almost universal omission, on the part of critical controversialists, of any consideration of a most important question at the root of all musical whatsoever, that is, the lack of a really sound and sensible aesthetic terminology, embracing some complete systematized and commonly re-

cognized vocabulary of art terms such as would always have, for expert and amateur alike, their fixed and well-appreciated values. Only the practised writer upon art matters can be perfectly aware how vague, far fetched, as well as poverty stricken, is the excellent collection of words at command for critical exposition and discrimination in art. The musical critic is certainly not at a loss here than are his colleagues of the picture exhibition, theater, etc., since he must perforce borrow his descriptive terms very widely and largely from all the arts and sciences in rapport with whatsoever other sensory activities than that of hearing. It may both interest and surprise many musical critics who will carefully analyze their pet phrases, in making a list of such adjectives, to note how very few are the terms having only the strictest relation to sounds and auditory sensations. A very small piece of paper will conveniently contain the entire vocabulary, and the handwriting need not be microscopic."

According to Herr Carl Stumpf, the author of a two volume treatise on the psychology of music, few people have the harmonic sense properly developed, even in Germany. Among every hundred persons who were the subjects of his experiments there were seventy-five who could not tell whether a tone was struck alone or with its octave, and a large proportion could not even say when a tone was accompanied by the fifth, third or sixth.

A valuable addition has been made to the Conservatory School of Eloquence for the coming year. Miss Greta Masson, who for some years has been a student of Mr. Albert Baker Cheney of Boston, will have charge of the department of voice culture. Miss Masson will bring to this work an exceptionally good equipment, having made a special study of tone production, fundamentally considered. Such work should be made a specialty in all schools that have to do with literature and reading, and the Conservatory School of Eloquence has secured for its students a much needed benefit. Miss Masson is a sister of Miss Maude Masson, principal of the School of Eloquence. Miss Masson's voice, which is a soprano of unusual quality and cultivation, will be heard in public during the coming season.

During the absence in Europe of Mr. A. S. Vogt the position of deputy organist at Jarvis Street Baptist Church was filled by Miss Eugenie Quehen, a most talented pupil of Mr. Vogt at the Conservatory of Music. Miss Quehen, who won the Gerhard Heintzman scholarship last June, was a promising pupil of the Royal Academy of Music, London, Eng., before taking up her studies at the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

Miss Mabel O'Brien has been appointed to a position on the staff of the Toronto Conservatory of Music as teacher in the junior pianoforte department. Miss O'Brien is the winner of the Conservatory gold medal for pianoforte playing in June, 1900, and is still pursuing her studies with Dr. Edward Fisher.

The following resolution was unanimously adopted at the last meeting of the Quarterly Official Board of Trinity Methodist Church: "Moved by C. S. Jones, seconded by W. Pemberton Page, that the thanks of this board be tendered to Mr. R. G. Kirby and the members of his efficient choir for the very effective service rendered by them during the past conference year. The Board recognizes the self-sacrificing and arduous duties performed by them in practice and in public, their services being given with ready cheerfulness at all times, while the finances of the church have been very materially augmented by their contributions as a choir as well as individually as members of the congregation. That, as a mark of our appreciation, a reception be tendered the choir by the members of this board and their wives."

The Toronto Singers' Club will resume work on Monday evening next, its first rehearsal being held then at the Y.M.C.A., Yonge street. The great artistic success achieved by this society in one season has had a marked effect on the young singers of the city, over fifty new applications for membership having been received by the conductor, Mr. E. W. Schuch, who anticipates even greater vocal excellence this season than was shown by the club last year. The date for the club's concert has been fixed, first-class solo talent engaged, a fine selection of music made, so that everything points to a renewal of its previous success.

CHERUBINO.

Physical Culture and Dancing

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Under the direction of

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Classes open October 8th, 1900.

Apply 2-5 p.m., St. George's Hall, Elm Street.

Prospectus mailed on application.

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VOICE CULTURE

English, German, French and Italian Repertoire

Vocal of Lamperti, LeGrange and Randegger. Vocal Directress of Loretto Abbey, Toronto, and Vocal Teacher St. Margaret's College, Toronto.

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At Mrs. Neville's School, 170 Bloor Street W. g. Toronto.

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PIANOFORTE—Dr. Edward Fisher.
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—Miss Maud Gordon, A.T.C.M.
—Miss S. E. Dalas, Mus. Bac.
—Miss Frances Morris, A.T.C.M.
VOICE—Mrs. Julie Wyman.
—Rehab Tandy.
—Albert Ham, Mus. Doc., soprano or bass.
—Miss Alice Denzil.
—Mrs. J. W. Bradley, tenor or bass.
—Miss Annie Hallworth, A.T.C.M.
ORGAN—W. F. Harrison.
—William Red.
—T. Arhur Blakeley.
—Miss S. E. Dalas, Mus. Bac., F.T.C.M.
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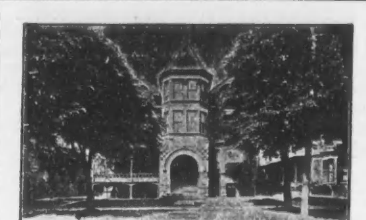
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We extend a cordial invitation to all music lovers to attend the weekly recitals at our warerooms Wednesdays 4 p.m.

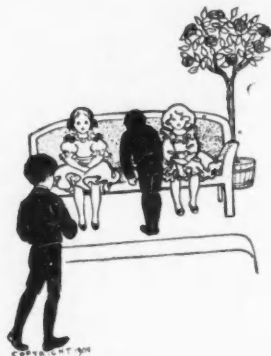
An instrument that has evoked the highest praise from such authorities as Paderewski, Sauer, Rosenthal, De Pachmann and many others cannot fail to delight you.

You owe it to yourself and the Pianola to hear it.

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Social and Personal.

The Church of the Epiphany, Parkdale, was on Saturday morning last the scene of an interesting though quiet event, viz., the double wedding of the second and third daughters of Mr. J. M. Might of Parkdale—Miss Eunice Maud to Mr. John R. McMillan, and Miss Ella Gertrude to Mr. John J. Ritchie of Winnipeg. The two brides were successively led to the altar by their father. Miss Maud was accompanied by Miss Louise and Miss Ella by Miss Lily, their sisters. Mr. E. Turbayne was best man for Mr. McMillan, and Mr. D. A. Coulson for Mr. Ritchie. The first bride wore a traveling costume of navy blue broadcloth, with cream applique, and a hat to match, the second bride a dark gray costume, trimmed with white, and velvet toque. Both brides were the recipients of many handsome presents, which on account of the quiet nature of the wedding, showed the more the high appreciation felt for them by their friends. After the ceremony both couples proceeded immediately on their wedding trip, after which Mr. and Mrs. McMillan will take up their residence in Parkdale and Mr. and Mrs. Ritchie in Winnipeg.

The Old Made Young.

The estimation in which a pure, peach-like skin is held by lovers of beauty is sufficiently attested by the poets. When nature has given to woman this great charm she may indeed congratulate herself. But when freckles, mothpatches or superfluous hairs disfigure the face, or when many miles on life's journey are passed and wrinkles supersede the dimples, then lovely woman is rendered unhappy by reason of her unloveliness. According to Madame La Bell (Prenner) there is no need for any woman to suffer facial blemishes or, indeed, the ravages of time on face or form. This clever woman's knowledge extends over medicine as well as dermatology, and she holds thousands of testimonials from pleased and grateful patrons. Her own youthful face and figure is, however, a good testimonial, for she owns to forty-seven years, yet her complexion is as creamy as a young child's. Madame La Bell is a firm disciple of electricity and in her electrical baths and this branch of her work she profits by the science of her husband, Mr. Prenner, who is a graduate of the P. D. Armour Institute, Chicago, a B.Sc. and master of electrical chemistry. Facial massage is administered by Madame to remove wrinkles. As she facetiously puts it: "The wrinkles go and the dimples come under my treatment." One large room in her splendidly equipped establishment, 111-113 King street west, is used as a school where lessons are given to young ladies in the art of massage, chiropody and manicuring. This dermatological institute is now eagerly thronged with ladies who have returned from the various summer resorts so sunburnt and freckled that they eagerly seek the valuable advice given free by Madame La Bell daily on "How to be healthy and how to be beautiful."

Henry A. Taylor, Draper.

In my immense importations of fine woolsens for my high-class trade there are all the correct fabrics for society dress.

Dress Suits and Tuxedos a specialty.

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Special attention and rates will be given to parties desiring a pleasant and comfortable home for the winter. With its spacious rooms, corridors, open fireplaces, large reading and reception rooms, electric light, porcelain baths, private dining rooms, thus making it the model of home like hotels. The cuisine is a special feature. Special attention will be given to private dinners and receptions. Write for full particulars to F. D. MANCHEE, C. A. WARD, Proprietor, Manager.

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165 King Street West The session of 1900-01 will commence on Monday, October 1st. For circulars or information address—GEO. C. DOWNS, Secretary.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

Briar—Sept. 15, Mrs. Paul Briar, a daughter. Donohue—Sept. 16, Mrs. Michael Donohue, a son. Lawson—Sept. 12, Mrs. James F. Lawson, a daughter. Lee—Sept. 6, Mrs. Richard Lee, a daughter.

Marriages.

Ailing—Threlkeld—Sept. 18, Stephen H. Ailing of Lyndville, Vt., to Margaret W. Threlkeld. Shore—Lockett—Belleville, Sept. —, John Wilfrid Clarence Shore of Toronto to Annette Maude Lockett. Burns—Crooks—Sept. 16, Capt. A. Norman Burns to Louisa Jane Crooks.

Deaths.

McFarlane—Sept. 12, Mrs. Walter McFarlane, aged 83. McLellan—Sept. 12, Mrs. John McLellan.

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TO HAVE AND TO HOLD, by Mary Johnston. 1.50 and .75
PRISONERS OF HOPE, by Mary Johnston. 1.50 and .75
THE GREEN FLAG, by A. Conan Doyle. 1.50 and .75
THE CHOIR INVISIBLE, by James Lane Allen. 1.25 and .75
KENTUCKY CARDINAL, by James Lane Allen. 1.25 and .75
THE LIFE OF NELSON, by Capt. Mahon. 3.00
WITH FIRE AND SWORD, by Henryk Sienkiewicz. 1.50 and .75
QUO VADIS, by Henryk Sienkiewicz. 1.50 and .75
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THE DELUGE, by Henryk Sienkiewicz (2 vols.) per vol. 1.25 and .75
WITHOUT DOGMA, by Henryk Sienkiewicz. 1.25 and .75
KNIGHTS OF THE CROSS, by Henryk Sienkiewicz (2 vols.) \$1.00 per vol.

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Snowball—Sept. 12, Mrs. David Snowball, aged 86. Brown—Sept. 16, Herbert H. Brown, aged 3. MacKechnie—Sept. 16, Ernest Stuart Haig MacKechnie, infant. Petrie—Sept. 18, Frank James Petrie. Fitzgerald—Sept. 17, Jennie Dill Fitzgerald, aged 4 months. McDonald—Sept. 18, Charles A. McDonald, aged 32. Purser—Sarah Purser, aged 22. Skene—Sept. 16, Mrs. Annie Wilson Skene, aged 66.

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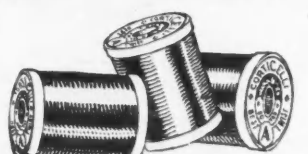


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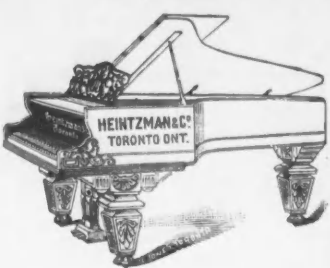
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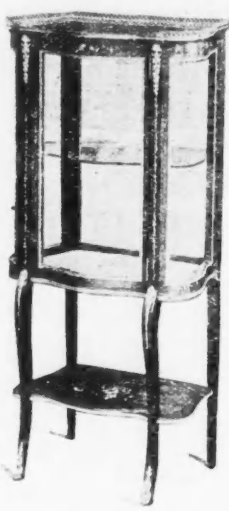
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The one choice when a purchaser has determined to possess an instrument that stands superior to all others is a Piano bearing the name of the old firm of Heintzman & Co. These instruments possess a beauty of tone that has made them the unreserved choice of the world's greatest musicians.

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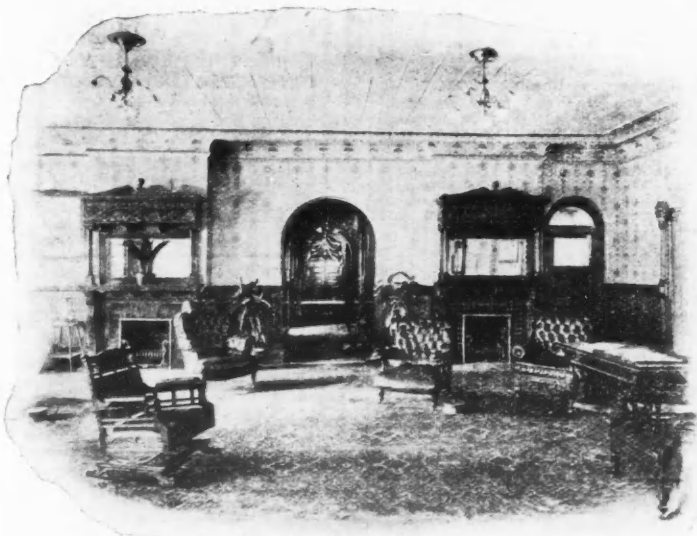
A well-designed bric-a-brac cabinet is almost a necessity in a well-appointed drawing-room. It gives an air of completeness and finish to the room, besides affording protection from dust and handling to the often costly ornaments it serves to display.

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THE CORRIDOR
is luxuriantly furnished with richly upholstered leather seat chairs and settees, and artistically lighted with incandescent lamps in clusters on the ceiling.
See card on page 11.

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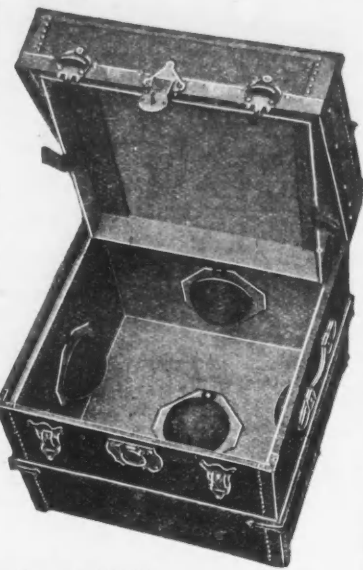
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Illustrated and Descriptive Catalogue,
No. 6 S

The JULIAN SALE
Leather Goods Co., Limited
105 King St. West

Social and Personal.

The residence of Mr. John Lowther, 34 Howland avenue, was the scene of a very pretty wedding Tuesday afternoon, September 11, when Miss Florence Lowther, youngest daughter of Mr. Lowther, was married to Mr. Arthur W. Williams. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. H. Hincks, in the presence of a number of relatives and friends. The bride was attended by the groom's sister, Miss May Williams, and niece, Miss Jessie Mitchell. The bridal dress was of white organdie, and the bride carried a shower bouquet of white roses, lily of the valley and maidenhair fern. The groomsmen was the brother of the groom, Mr. Len.

Williams. After a reception Mr. and Mrs. Williams left on the 5.15 train for Quebec and eastern cities. The bride's traveling dress was of fawn cloth, appliqued in cream with hat to match. Upon their return Mr. and Mrs. Williams will reside at 34 Howland avenue, where Mrs. Williams will be at home the first and fourth Fridays of each month.

Last Friday the stork visited Mrs. George Blaikie, in Rosedale, leaving a little daughter.

Miss Louise Boak, youngest daughter of Hon. Robert Boak, president of the Legislative Council, Halifax, and Mr. George B. Burns of Toronto were married at the residence of Mr. Boak on Wednesday by Rev. D. McDougall, uncle of the bride, assisted by Rev. Alfred Gaudier. Miss Hattie Boak, cousin of the bride, was bridesmaid, and Mr. George Beaudry of the Royal Canadian Regiment best man. Mr. and Mrs. Burns are in Quebec for their honeymoon.

A series of attractive views of that very pretty hotel, the Arlington, will appear in this paper for the next five weeks. The popularity of the Arlington is on the rise. Every effort is being made by Mr. Ward to secure the comfort and approbation of his guests.

Lieutenant Stewart Wilkie sailed from Liverpool for Canada this week.

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It has also been proved that books which are the most helped are those which are already doing well on their own merits.

This is one reason why you have seen so many advertisements of

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A TASTELESS ODORLESS
**NUTRIENT MEAT
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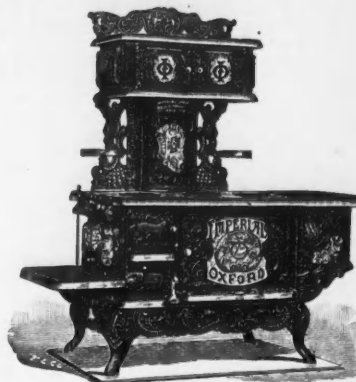
It contains all the albuminoid principles of the meat in an easily soluble form. It has been extensively employed and found to be of the greatest service in Consumption and diseases of the stomach. It is of great value in convalescence from all diseases.

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